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29 DECEMBER, 1894

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

Prof. F. A. Hall · 1896
Drury College Grounds

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Snowflakes

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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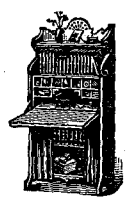

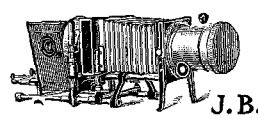

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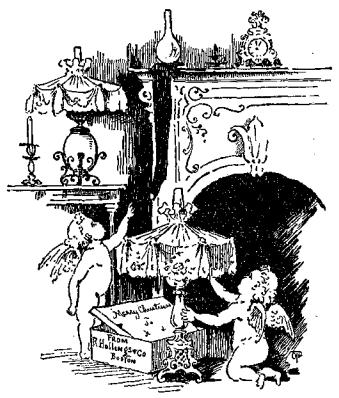

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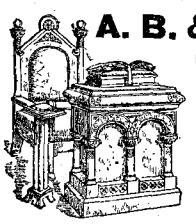

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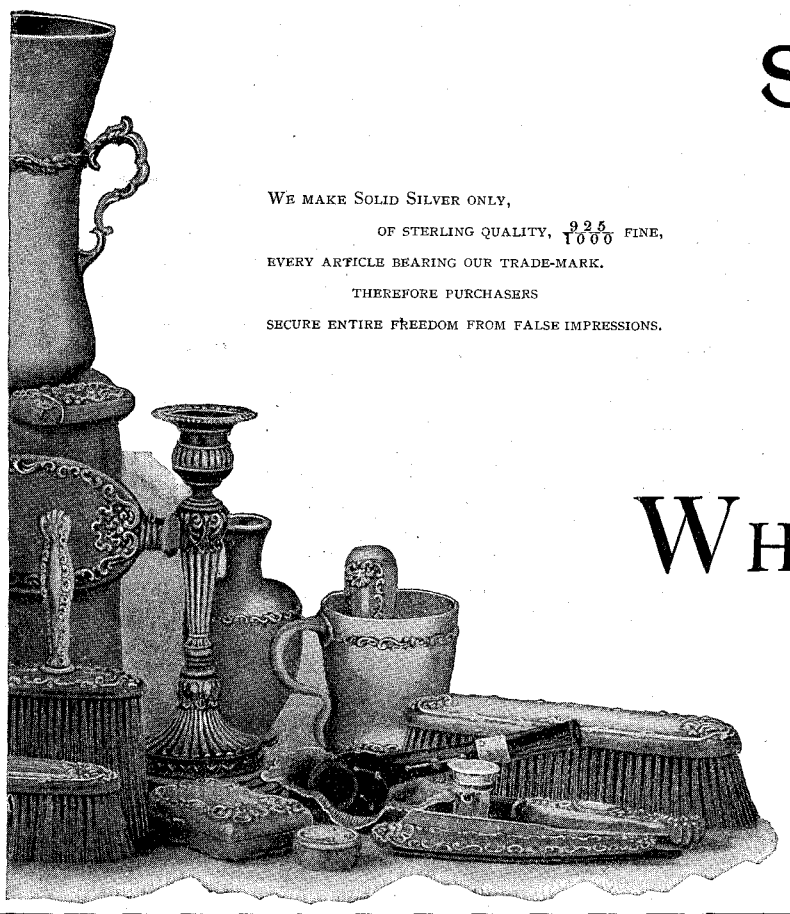

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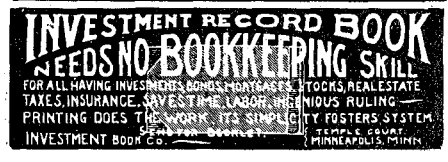

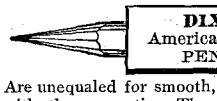

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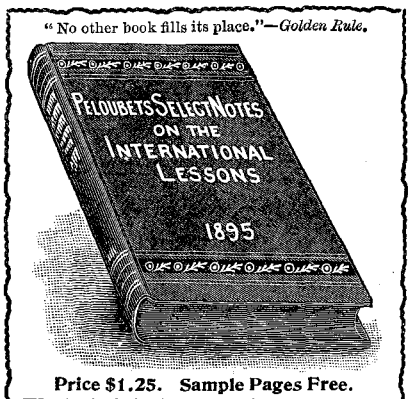

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 22 December, 1894 Number 25

THAT the New York Police Department is utterly corrupt is now tacitly admitted by the Department itself. It is true that (with the exception of Captain Creeden) each accused Captain and Commissioner stoutly asserts his own individual innocence; but none dares enter into a denial of the existence of systematic bribery among the others, nor go upon the stand to defend his own conduct. When we find Captain Schmittberger taking refuge in a refusal to even testify that he belongs to the police force, on the advice of counsel and lest his testimony might tend to incriminate himself; Commissioner Sheehan defying the law rather than show his check-books; Commissioner Voorhis declining the offered opportunity to defend himself against specific charges of bribery; Commissioner Martin apologizing to the Committee for the official action of the Board of Commissioners; Captain Stephenson accepting his conviction for bribery almost as a matter of course; Captain Creeden making a clean breast of his wrong-doing; and ex-detective (now patrolman) Thorne offering wholesale evidence against his official superiors—we may well believe that the absolute overthrow of the whole system of blackmail, conspiracy, and oppression is at hand. Captain Creeden's confession is the most important piece of evidence before the Committee. A brave veteran of the war, the hero of many battles, a police officer of acknowledged excellence, he followed what he declares is the almost universal custom of the force by buying his captaincy outright for $15,000. The money was borrowed from friends whose checks are in existence; paid by Creeden to a middleman, one Reppenhagen; paid by Reppenhagen, as he admits (less $5,000), to John J. Martin, the intimate political friend of Police Commissioner Voorhis (now a Police Justice). Here the actual evidence stops for the minute, as Martin is too ill to appear before the Committee; but Creeden and Reppenhagen both testify that they intended the money for Voorhis, and, morally, there is not a particle of doubt that it went to Voorhis. The Lexow Committee very properly treated the confessing Captain gently and exposed him to no more ignominy than his bare confession involved. We all know why he thought he could afford to pay $15,000 for his captaincy; and it is in evidence that he repaid the whole sum within two years out of a salary of $2,750 a year. Even his equally corrupt fellow-Captains have hardly the face to maintain that Creeden (an exceptionally intelligent officer) was "buncoed" out of his money by sharpers. He knew what he was paying for—and he got it. In obtaining this disclosure the Committee has answered the public demand that it "go up higher," and the probabilities are that the present week will see even more startling proof of corruption among the highest police officials. The conviction of Stephenson for accepting a bribe for not interfering with a fruit-merchant's use of the sidewalk is an almost equally significant event. It is the first of what should be a long series of convictions.

❀

Two weeks ago reference was made in this column to the corruption in the recent election in Delaware. This week an unpleasant story of corruption in a Massachusetts city is being told. The old whaling city of New Bedford, now a cotton-manufacturing center of over 50,000 population, is one step ahead of most cities, in that National and State politics do not enter, and never have entered, into its municipal contests. But this progressive position does not seem to have proved the panacea for municipal abuses that some reformers pronounce it. The existing parties are known as the Citizens' party and the Independent Citizens' party. The main difference between them is the offices, and in the annual contests money has nearly always been a prominent factor. In recent years the Australian ballot has added an element of difficulty to the problem of the ambitious politician, for the purchasable voter would take his money, and in the secrecy of the polling-place vote as he saw fit. This difficulty was overcome this year by making the greater portion of the remuneration payable only in the event of victory. At the recent election no votes were directly bought, but a number of "workers," conservatively estimated at one-seventh of the 6,400 voters who cast ballots, were "hired" by the "outs"—the "ins" were confident of re-election without the expenditure of money. The duties assigned the "workers" were to attend all rallies, march in parades, and stand all day at the polls wearing the party badge. The donning of the badge was all the work many of the "workers" did. The prices varied from $2 down, and $3 more in event of victory, up to $50 and $100, similarly conditional. A friendly estimate of the total expenditure is $9,000; opponents make the figure twice as large. The campaign of cash was victorious, and for three days afterward was seen the spectacle of the Mayor-elect sitting in the party headquarters behind a table covered with greenbacks, "paying off" the "workers."

❀

The most depressing feature of this whole matter is that the party responsible for this year's corruption is the party to which the city's wealthiest and most prominent citizens belong. Two years ago, after an election in which their opponents, though they had spent thousands in vote-buying, were defeated, a leading member of this party publicly proclaimed his intention to rid the city of this curse. Evidence was procured, and a half-dozen men were indicted and arrested for bribery. The cases were never tried. They were shelved, it was publicly charged, to save prominent politicians on the other side, against whom similar proceedings were threatened in retaliation. Later developments seem to bear out this supposition, for the party which then seemed eager to suppress

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vote-buying is the party responsible for this year's scandal. Evidently the Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Act, with whose stringent provisions readers of The Outlook are familiar, has not eliminated some of the worst phases of political corruption in the Bay State. The New Bedford experience suggests the desirability of additional provisions requiring that the total expenditures of a party be limited to a fixed sum, that the number of workers employed be limited, and that remuneration conditional upon victory shall in all cases be a violation of the law. The embodiment of the English system, under which a candidate convicted of corruption loses his office, would be a healthy provision. But the greatest need of all, in cities where corruption of this sort prevails, is the development of a public sentiment which will visit with the severest condemnation men responsible for such abuses.

❀

Judge Woods, of the United States Circuit Court, before whom proceedings have been pending ever since the famous railroad strike of last summer, has pronounced Mr. Debs and his associates guilty of contempt, and has sentenced them to imprisonment varying from three to six months. The Outlook always hesitates to criticise a judgment of the courts on questions of law; but it appears to us that if this sentence is intended to be proportioned to the offense committed, it is absurdly and inconsequentially light; if the lightness is due to a judicial doubt as to whether contempt proceedings are the proper method of punishing such an offense, the infliction of any penalty by such methods constitutes a dangerous precedent. The ground of the Court's decision is briefly this (we condense Judge Woods's decision):

> The Court had a right to issue the injunctions which the defendants violated when they continued and extended the strike, because the United States Government has an easement upon American railroads, and direct property in its own mail-bags, and, therefore, any interference with these may be enjoined as a public nuisance of the form known in the English law as purpresture. Purpresture differs from any other public nuisance in that it is an encroachment on the soil of the public, like trespass on the soil of the individual, and will support an action irrespective of any damage that may accrue. On this ground the Court had a right to issue its injunctions, and the violation of these injunctions constituted contempt of court, whether they were in themselves criminal or not. "The contempt," says the Court, "is one thing, the crime another. The contempt can be tried and punished only by the Court, while the charge of crime can be tried only by the jury."

The Judge apparently regards the strike as illegal both because it was a conspiracy in restraint of trade, forbidden by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890, and because it necessarily led to acts of violence. "Combinations are condemned not only when they take the form of trusts, but in whatever form found, if they be in restraint of trade." If the manufacturers of other sleeping-cars should enlist trainmen in a conspiracy to prevent the use of Pullman cars, the offense would be punishable. It is not less punishable because done by trainmen on their own motion. Moreover, this particular strike necessarily involved violence, and it must be presumed that violence entered into the plans of Mr. Debs and his associates. ". . . Under the conditions of last summer, when there were many idle men seeking employment, it was impossible that a strike which aimed at a general cessation of business upon the railroads of the country could succeed without violence, and it is not to be believed that the defendants entered upon the execution of their scheme without appreciating the fact and without having determined how to deal with it. The inference, therefore, is a fair one, aside from direct evidence to the point, that they expected and intended that this strike should differ from others only in magnitude of design and boldness of execution, and that the accustomed accessories of intimidation and violence, so far at least as found essential to success, would not be omitted."

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It is understood that an appeal has been taken from this decision, and doubtless the principles involved will be thoroughly considered in review. In forming a judgment respecting these principles our readers must remember that a clear distinction is to be maintained between the questions, What is the law? and What ought to be the law? and also between the questions, What are legal offenses? and How should men accused of them be tried? The Outlook is of opinion that laws should be framed to prevent a repetition, not merely of the scenes of violence which were enacted last year, but of the original combination which led to them. At present the law, at least as it has been interpreted by Judge Caldwell (see Outlook for July 7, 1894) and Judge Harlan (see Outlook for October 13, 1894), recognizes the right of the employees of a railroad to quit the service of a company, singly or by concerted action, provided they do not use force or intimidation toward others who desire to take their places. And we do not understand from Judge Woods's opinion that there was any real evidence that Mr. Debs either used or countenanced the use of such force, while there was evidence that he publicly, not to say ostentatiously, condemned it. In our judgment, the law ought to be amended, and, in the interest of the traveling public, no employee ought to be permitted to abandon a railroad service without some previous and adequate notice, and no railroad should be permitted to discharge its employees, except for misconduct, without such notice. But this law should be enacted by the people's representatives, not by the courts. Under the system of free contract which has hitherto prevailed, the right to quit at any time, and to discharge at any time, without previous notice, cannot, in our judgment, be successfully questioned. On this point we believe that Judge Woods is at variance with Judges Caldwell and Harlan, and that the latter are right. As to the second question, our judgment on the technical bearing of the law of purpresture would be valueless, and we shall express none. But we are sure that the American people value the Anglo-Saxon doctrine that every man accused of an offense against the public is entitled to a trial before a jury of his peers, so highly that they will not allow it to be set aside on any plea that the offense is also a contempt of court, and may, therefore, be punished without such a trial. There is danger lest the universal feeling that the punishment of Mr. Debs is too light may make the careless American public indifferent as to the method by which it is meted out to him. We are glad to see so influential and conservative a journal as the Springfield "Republican" following the example of the still more conservative New York "Evening Post" of last summer in uttering a warning word against this dangerous stretch of judicial power:

> "This action of the judicial power cannot be allowed to go without rebuke. It makes for the subversion of the most fundamental rights of American citizens. If Debs has been violating law, let him be indicted, tried by a jury, and punished; let him not be made the victim of an untenable court order and deprived of his liberty entirely within the discretion of a judge. The right of trial by jury for criminal offenses lies at the bed-rock of free institutions. It cannot be denied without placing the liberty of every citizen in jeopardy. If the precedent now established is to stand, there is no limit to the power which the judiciary may establish over the citizen."

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The bill authorizing railroads to pool their earnings passed the House of Representatives by the astonishing

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majority of 170 to 110. By the terms of the bill the Inter-State Commerce Commission is allowed the power to pronounce the newly authorized agreements injurious to the public, and in case it does so the roads cannot put the contested agreement into effect without the authority of the Federal courts. Inasmuch, however, as the Commission is appointed and the Federal courts are appointed, little importance can be attached to this feature of popular control. The new bill not only does away with the anti-pooling clause of the Inter-State Commerce Act, but exempts railroads from the common law governing combinations in restraint of trade. The most telling arguments made in favor of the bill passed last week were by Congressmen Sibley and Grow—both of Pennsylvania. Mr. Sibley urged, with much force, that, inasmuch as the present law secures competition for the railroad centers, but does not secure it for intermediate places, it builds up the cities at the expense of the towns. Mr. Grow urged, with equal force, that the competition now permitted helps the large shipper as against the small, since the large shipper is always the first to get the cut rates. This discrimination, he said, could be checked by checking the competition between the roads. The best arguments against the proposed change were made by Mr. Daniels, of New York, and Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska. Mr. Daniels took the ground that the evils of discrimination were vastly greater before the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law than they are now, and that the way to further reduce them was by more rigid control instead of the abandonment of the control already exercised. Mr. Bryan took the position that every thoughtful man must favor the protection of the public either by competition or by public interference, and that the demand for public interference, not to secure low rates for the public, but to secure high rates for the roads, was anomalous. The railroads, he said, were less exposed to "cut-throat competition" than other industries. Competition was always weakest in the industries requiring the largest capital, and railroads were so peculiarly exempt from competition that they had for years been universally classed as "natural monopolies." A law to further exempt them he declared to be utterly unjustifiable. With Mr. Bryan's alternative we entirely agree. If the very imperfect operation of competition as a regulator of rates is to be taken away, power must be given to the Inter-State Commission to regulate them in the interest of the public. Without such authority, a bill to authorize pooling is one to promote monopoly.

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What was most singular, perhaps, about the whole debate was the frequent and uncontroverted assumption that the railroads are not paying a normal rate of interest on their cost. If this were true, there would be reason for exempting the railroads from the laws of competition under which all farms, stores, and factories are conducted. But the facts contradict the assumption. The most recent railroad authority—Van Oss's "American Railroads as Investments"—says upon this point (pages 138 and 139):

"The mere fact that American railroad bonds pay an average of 4.36 per cent. suffices to show that water is not detrimental to the investor of to-day. These bonds represent no par investment; the average price at which they reached the first investor did not exceed 67, no matter what somebody who buys them to-day must give for them. Hence American bonds now actually return an average of 6.50 upon the real investment. . . . The above relates only to bonds, but we will show that the same conclusion must be arrived at concerning shares. Shares, according to 'Poor's Manual,' now pay 1.80 per cent. on the average—apparently no high figure. . . . But for $4,650,000,000 shares now in existence, the original investors certainly paid not more than $465,000,000, or ten per cent. of their face value, and probably less. *Hence shares now return at least 18 per cent. per annum upon the actual investment.*"

The italics are not ours, and Mr. Van Oss writes, not as a Western anti-monopolist, but as an English investigator, who approves of the methods by which American railroads conceal their profits from the general public.

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After public hearings lasting one week, the House Committee on Banking and Currency voted to report without modification Secretary Carlisle's bill providing for the retirement of Government notes and the authorization of National and State bank notes to supply the currency needs of the country. It is true that all the Republican members of the Committee and two Democrats voted against the report, and that the remaining Democratic members reserved the right to favor amendments, and even vote against the bill on its final passage. Nevertheless, the measure is before the House. A majority of the Democrats on the Committee went so far as to agree to recommend a rule providing for a final vote on Friday of this week; and when the Republicans protested against disposing of a measure of such far-reaching consequences under a "gag rule," their protests availed no further than to have the whole question of limiting the debate referred to the Committee on Rules. Fortunately, a majority of this Committee has decided against railroading the bill through, and members will have a chance to hear from their constituents during the Christmas holidays. The bill was in the main described in these columns last week in our outline of Secretary Carlisle's report. In the public hearings before the Committee on Banking nearly all the experts who appeared were in some way connected with banking institutions. There was naturally, therefore, about as little diversity in their opinions as there was in the opinions of the manufacturing experts on the tariff, or railroad experts on the Inter-State Commerce Bill. A few of the bankers did, indeed, criticise the authorization of State banks of issue, and the provision that the Government should not guarantee the notes issued by the banks, but all seemed to agree on the one provision most opposed by the critics of the bill—namely, the retirement of the Government notes to make way for the bank notes.

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The critics of this bill have a right to be heard from; and Congress ought not to make haste to pass so radical a measure without hearing from the country. If it does wait to hear, it will not pass it at all. It directly violates the tradition of all parties in favor of legal-tender money which shall be good in times of panic as well as in times of public confidence. Secretary Sherman expressed the convictions of nearly the entire country when, in his report of 1877, he spoke as follows of the United States notes:

"These notes are of great public convenience—they circulate readily, are of universal credit, are a debt of the people without interest; are protected by every possible safeguard against counterfeiting; and, when redeemable in coin at the demand of the holder, form as good a paper currency as has yet been devised. It is conceded that a certain amount can, with the aid of an ample coin reserve, be always maintained in circulation. Should not the benefit of this circulation inure to the people rather than to the corporations, either State or National? . . . The legal-tender quality given to United States notes was intended to maintain them in circulation at a time when their depreciation was inevitable. When they are redeemable in coin, this quality may be withdrawn or retained in ordinary times. But all experience has shown that there are periods when, under any system of paper money, it is impracticable to maintain actual coin redemption. Usually contracts will be based upon current money, and it is just that, during a sudden panic or an unreasonable demand for coin, the creditors should not be allowed to demand payment in other than the currency upon which the debt was contracted."

The Carlisle plan not only gives the profit from paper

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money to the corporations instead of the people, but provides for a currency which may be expanded in times of over-confidence, but may be rejected in times of panic, when more currency is most needed.

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It was in one respect a decided gain that the Municipal Reform League should hold its second National Convention in Minneapolis. The most striking paper read was by the City Attorney of Minneapolis, who discussed the relative merits of "Mayor Government" and "Council Government," taking strong grounds in favor of the latter. It was somewhat surprising to the Eastern visitors to learn that enlarged power for the City Council is as popular in the West as enlarged power for the Mayor is in the East; and it was quite astonishing to them to hear it declared confidently that the Council system prevails in the best-governed cities of the world and the Mayor system in the worst-governed. We are not prepared to indorse fully this generalization, but there is so much of truth in it that we desire to bring it to the attention of our readers. It is quite certain that the disposition in our Eastern cities to lessen the power of the local legislature and increase the power of the executive is out of harmony with the drift of political development in the English-speaking world. It corresponds more nearly with Boulangism in France, and is due to the distrust of the local legislators, especially those elected by the immigrant voters. For this distrust there is, unfortunately, considerable basis; but when we remember that there was the same distrust of the members of our Continental Congress in the days when their powers were as contemptible as those of our Councilmen, the remedy seems to lie in making the position of Councilman one which a better class of men will care to fill and the general public will care to have such men fill. Certain it is that through this way of trusting the Council with enlarged powers the municipal government of London has been radically reformed in the last few years, and equally certain is it, as the City Attorney of Minneapolis urged at the Convention, that only through Council government can there be that publicity of proceedings necessary to popular control. Another striking paper before the Minneapolis Convention was that of Professor James, of Philadelphia, in favor of enlarged powers of local self-government. We cannot have a thoroughgoing reform, it was forcibly urged, until the people in the cities have both the opportunity and the necessity to attend to their own concerns. At the banquet held at the close of the Convention the speaker who was given the subject of the primaries made a stirring address upon the necessity of submitting party nominations directly to the whole body of voters, instead of intrusting them to the delegates from the caucuses.

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As our readers know, investigations have been proceeding for some months, before a Commission appointed by the Governor of this State, into charges preferred by the New York "World" against the Elmira Reformatory and its Superintendent, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, of cruelty in the administration of punishment. The findings of the Commission are summed up and ratified by Governor Flower, from whose decision we quote:

"It is a source of much gratification that the testimony shows, according to both reports of findings, that there was no truth in the harrowing statements published in the newspapers of injuries alleged to have been inflicted by the general Superintendent, or his subordinates, upon inmates of the Reformatory, Upon this point all three Commissioners find substantially the same facts, and exonerate the managers and the Superintendent. . . . Of course the Superintendent may have been unnecessarily harsh in some instances; I believe he was; but in the main he seems to have exercised his authority to inflict corporal punishment with great moderation and care, and his occasional lapses have not justified a sweeping or general condemnation of his methods and practices."

We may add to this summary by the Governor the statement by the majority of the Commission that "in no case does it appear that a convict has received any serious or permanent injury, mentally or physically, at the hands of the general Superintendent, or any of the subordinate officers or keepers of the Reformatory, or even an injury leaving any permanent mark." Judge Learned presents a minority report, in which he does not, however, so far as we see, dissent from the judgments of the Governor and the majority of the Commission as quoted above. He gives, however, some detailed account of the punishments inflicted, and declares himself "satisfied that the punishments have been excessive in number and in severity, and, therefore, have been cruel." The comparison of the majority and minority reports justifies, in our judgment, the conclusions of the Governor as we have quoted them above.

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This is perhaps all that the finding of this Commission and the action of the Governor thereon require us to say, yet we think it is legitimate to add thereto, now that the trial is over, our own editorial judgment on some matters connected with this extraordinary case. The public must remember that the object of the Elmira Reformatory is not to keep a certain number of criminals in confinement for a definite term of years, nor to punish them for offenses committed in the past. Its primary object is radical reform of character, and its schools, its industries, its discipline, and its penalties are all determined by this fundamental and underlying purpose. It must also be remembered that no criminal can be sentenced to the Reformatory if over thirty years of age, and also that many of the inmates are "toughs," accustomed to no law but their own will, and are determined not to be reformed, and not to submit to the necessary discipline. Bearing these facts in mind, we have no question that corporal punishment is an indispensable instrument in the work of reform; that the ends of the institution could not be so successfully, and probably could not be at all, accomplished without it. We have no sympathy with the sentimentalism which forbids all use of corporal punishment as a means of discipline. It is probable—and the findings of the Commission and the decision of the Governor confirm the probability—that in some cases unjust punishments have been inflicted, or punishments unnecessarily severe, and it is not impossible that the officers charged with this duty may have at times lost their own self-control; but, on the other hand, the general results of the Elmira Reformatory are such as to justify the confidence of the people of the State, not only in its fundamental principles and essential methods, but also in the general spirit in which the institution has been administered. If the result of this investigation shall be to give a better public understanding of the principles of the indeterminate sentence and a better understanding of the necessity of corporal punishment on the one hand, and on the other shall make it clear to the Board of Managers of the Elmira Reformatory that great caution should be used in the administration of the discipline of the institution, the results of the unjust charges against Mr. Brockway, and of their investigation, may be greatly to enhance his usefulness and that of the institution.

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The annual address of Mr. Carl Schurz as President of the National Civil Service Reform League, delivered at the meeting in Chicago on Wednesday night of last week, is not only a luminous exposition of the evils of our present

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system and of the need of an intelligent and uniform Civil Service, but is also full of encouragement. Without any of the elements which make a reform popular, this basal reform in our Government has made such progress in eleven years that there are now about fifty thousand positions in the National Service covered by the rules established under the law of 1883, these positions being mainly in the clerical force of the departments at Washington, in the railway mail service, in the Indian service, and in the larger custom-houses and post-offices. Appointments to these places are made only after examinations accessible to everybody; they are made for a probationary period, and if that period is successfully passed the appointment is final. Mr. Schurz reviews the course of the present Administration toward the Civil Service in some detail. The Treasury Department under Mr. Carlisle has won an unenviable distinction for persistent violation of the spirit of the reform. In the Interior Department, in the Indian School Service, gratifying progress is evident. In the Agricultural Department Secretary Morton has shown every disposition to carry out the reform spirit. In the Navy Department Secretary Herbert has maintained the non-partisan labor system introduced by Mr. Tracy; and in the Post-Office Department, while Mr. Bissell has subjected himself to criticism in some particulars, he has not only observed the Civil Service Law in the most creditable way, but he has made every person in the service feel that "merit is the only title to appointment, security, and promotion." He has required charges to be filed against accused persons, and given them a chance to be heard. Outside the scope of the law he has vigorously inculcated its spirit by warning postmasters to occupy themselves with official business and not with politics, and in his latest report he has set forth, from the business point of view, the necessity of taking the Department entirely out of politics and withdrawing the appointments to the fourth-class post-offices, of which there are about sixty-six thousand, entirely from partisan influence. In the judgment of Mr. Schurz, although there have been flagrant violations of the reform spirit under the present Administration, as in the case of Mr. Quincy, the President and the Cabinet generally have been loyal to the reform, and have materially advanced it.

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R. L. Stevenson

The death of Robert Louis Stevenson at the early age of forty-four cuts short one of the most brilliant careers in contemporary English literature; for Mr. Stevenson was one of the few writers of the last fifteen years whose work bears the impress of marked originality and individual quality. He had two gifts uncommon in any time and especially rare in these later days: the gift of imagination and the gift of style. He had the power of creating situations and characters, and of realizing them so completely that they persuaded his readers of their reality; and he also had the power of using language as if it were vitally related to his thought. The first, in point of time, of the new school of writers of romance and adventure, he remained their master; for while his work showed inequality, at its best it will take high rank in English prose fiction. It had all the signs of a real writer and not a man of mere skill and adroitness; it was picturesque to the last degree; it was full of invention and variety; it breathed a superior vitality, and it had that magic of style so constantly approached, so rarely secured. In personality and experience Mr. Stevenson was as original as in his literary work. The son of the distinguished Scotch lighthouse builder, his life, both ancestral and personal, followed fresh and striking lines. With a delicate constitution, he was a devoted worshiper of heroism; of a sensitive nature, he craved adventure; early a victim to disease, he saw more of the world and did more work than most physically strong men of his time. In Scotland, England, France, America, or the Pacific Islands, he was restlessly absorbed in the life about him, seeing its most characteristic features, touching it with a marvelously sure hand. His record of travel, his criticism, his poetry, his allegory, and his romance were equally pungent, inventive, original. His was first-hand power, genuine originality. He was an artist to the very heart, and there are passages of his which, for freshness and picturesqueness, are hardly surpassed in the whole range of English writing. He has left a fine heritage and the story of a heroic personal achievement, but, from the standpoint of the literary needs of his time, his death was lamentably premature.

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Both political and financial troubles have now come to a crisis in Newfoundland. In consequence of the latter, the Goodridge Government has resigned, and the Whitewayites may again come into power. Twenty-four hours before resignation, the Executive Council addressed a communication to the Opposition. Owing to the terrible bank failures of two days previous, the money to pay interest on the funded debt (due the first of the year) could be had only by loans. Furthermore, it was absolutely necessary to raise funds to pay depositors in the Government Savings Bank. The Opposition were assured that nothing but combined action could save the Colony from utter ruin, but if support in a policy of stringent economy was not forthcoming the Government must resign. This proposal was rejected. The Government has therefore resigned. A new one will be formed and the Legislature summoned. The crisis, though coming so suddenly, was long expected. It is a wonder that the banking and supplying system in vogue in Newfoundland should have kept up for so many years. Every winter merchants supply the fishermen with ships and provisions for the season, entirely on credit. When autumn comes, and the fishermen return, the merchants receive all of their catch of cod and herring. To cover possible debts and other losses, the fishermen are charged a quarter to half as much again as their ships and supplies are worth. It would seem, then, as if the merchants had all the profit. But in the last few years, by reason of the diversion of many fishermen to railway and other building, also by reason of the depletion of the fisheries themselves and by the increase of taxes, the merchants have been ruined, and hence have overdrawn their accounts and have indorsed so much paper as to plunge the whole island into financial distress. In one day the only two chartered banks doing business in Newfoundland, the Union and the Commercial, closed their doors, and their notes at last accounts were selling for one-tenth their face value. The Government immediately telegraphed to the British Minister, requesting a loan of $1,000,000. As might have been expected, the general public blamed the Goodridge administration for the crisis. Twenty large mercantile concerns have failed, and as one of them had Mr. Goodridge at its head, the popular agitation was thus intensified. The saddest feature of the whole affair is that the Whitewayites are so discredited by their corruption and bribery

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last year as to practically lose the chances of getting a loan from England. The position of the Governor is a distressing one.

GENERAL NEWS.——It is now reported from Constantinople that the Sultan has objected to the appointment of Mr. Jewett, the United States Consul, to accompany in an independent capacity the Commission of Inquiry which is to be sent into Armenia for the purpose of investigating the recent massacre; it is not quite clear whether the Sultan objects to Mr. Jewett personally or whether he objects to his acting independently of the Commission; there seems now to be no doubt that an independent European Commission will go to Armenia, and that it will be composed of delegates from England, France, and Russia; there are reports of further extensive outrages in Armenia.——Sir John S. D. Thompson, Premier of the Dominion of Canada, who died suddenly in London last week, had been eminent as a lawyer and as a judge before he became a member of the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, whom he succeeded as Premier; he was an arbitrator in Great Britain in the Behring Sea controversy, and his opinion on matters of colonial policy and international law carried great weight.——Lord Aberdeen has directed Mr. Mackenzie Bowell to form a new Canadian Cabinet; Mr. Bowell thus succeeds Sir John Thompson as Premier of Canada. ——M. Auguste Burdeau, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, died in Paris on Wednesday of last week.——Dr. John Lord, the historian and lecturer, died at Stamford, Conn., on December 15, at the age of seventy-five.——It is reported that the French troops in Madagascar have occupied Tamatave.——The Italian Parliament has been prorogued; the publication of the Giolotti documents relating to the Banca Romana scandal has created great excitement.——Debate on the German Anti-Socialist Bill has been adjourned by the Reichstag until January. ——The Bulgarian Cabinet has resigned.——John McBride has been elected President of the American Federation of Labor; the headquarters will be removed to Indianapolis.

Bishop F. D. Huntington

We give our readers in this week's issue of The Outlook the portrait of Dr. Huntington, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Central New York. Graduating at Harvard Divinity School in 1842, at the age of twenty-three, he entered the Unitarian pulpit, in which he served first as pastor in Boston, then as preacher and college pastor at Harvard College until 1860. He always belonged to the conservative wing of the Unitarian denomination, and as it grew more radical he grew more conservative. In 1860 he withdrew from the Unitarian and entered the Episcopal communion, serving as rector of the Emanuel Church of Boston until 1869, when he was consecrated Bishop of Central New York, a post which he has ever since held.

His position in the Episcopal Church it is difficult to state. He would probably himself refuse to be classified. He is a decided but moderate Churchman, but would not call himself either a High or a Low Churchman. He is broad in his intellectual sympathies and tolerant of wide divergencies in both opinion and practice, but he would not call himself a Broad Churchman. He is a firm believer in the Evangelical faith, but could not be classified as an Evangelical partisan. He is a man of singular devoutness of spirit; a master of a lucid, clear, and simple English; a preacher always truly because unartificially eloquent, by reason of a translucent purity of character which makes itself felt in his speech and in his bearing. His interest in sociological questions has been a notable feature in his episcopal career; and we doubt whether any minister in America has applied more fearlessly the principles and precepts of Jesus Christ to questions of work and wages.

The interview with Bishop Huntington which we print in another part of this paper will give our readers, better than we can do in any words of ours, what seems to us the distinctive characteristic of this eminent preacher and leader—unaffected simplicity in taste, language, manners, and innermost life.

Editing Made Easy!

Mr. Thomas C. Platt is a man of extraordinary ability, energy, and a variety of parts. He is what might be called an "all-round man." He is President of the United States Express Company. He is President of the New York and New England Railroad. He is self-appointed "boss" of the Republican party in this State. This threefold function ought to satisfy the ambition of any American, albeit the Americans are an ambitious race. But Mr. Platt's ambition is boundless. He has now undertaken to add to his other duties that of editing all the Republican papers in the State—except the New York "Tribune." That has proved too much for him. He seems to have given it up.

On November 26 Mr. Platt sent out a letter to the Republican press of this State, commending to the attention of the editors an accompanying document for "such use of it in your newspaper as seems to you suitable." He does not ask them to print the document, only to possess themselves of its points, and "use them in editorials of your own writing during the next few weeks." Modest Mr. Platt!

We accept Mr. Platt's invitation, although The Outlook is not a Republican journal, and use this document in an editorial "of our own writing."

According to this document, Mr. Platt is in favor of a new Australian ballot law, assures Mayor Strong of his cordial support, advocates a bill for turning Tammany officials out and enabling Mayor Strong to put honest officials in, and promises to sustain the Lexow Committee in all its recommendations of laws to cure the infamies it has disclosed. The Outlook is very happy to assure its readers editorially, on this best of authority, of these, Mr. Platt's pledges.

We hope, however, that his pledges are more trustworthy than his history. For he informs the editors of the Republican press that "the excellent Dr. Parkhurst issues daily bulletins from his retirement at Lakewood" claiming the credit for the great Republican success and demanding the control of the new city and State administration. What an imagination has Mr. Platt! No wonder that a man with such an imagination is not content with editing one partisan paper, but wants to edit them all!

Mr. Platt is an excellent man, a most excellent man. He is courageous, he is frank, he has succeeded as a leader, he has the unqualified support of the Republican party from one end of the State to the other. The people can be sure of this, because he, Mr. Platt, says so. And who should know if he does not?

Wordsworth, prophetic soul! has described Mr. Platt and the papers which he edits from the office of the United States Express Company:

> "There was a boy; * * * he would stand alone,
> Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake;

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> And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
> Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls
> That they might answer him. And they would shout
> Across the watery vale, and shout again,
> Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
> And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud,
> Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
> Of mirth and jocund din!"

Mr. Platt pays an unconscious tribute to the power of public opinion. He, in the office of the United States Express Company, shouts "Platt!" and expects all the owls from Sandy Hook to Buffalo, responsive to his call, to shout "Platt!" and shout again, "with quivering peals, and long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud." But Mr. Platt overestimates the credulity of the American people. They are credulous, but they are not so credulous as to take Mr. Platt's owls for original and independent interpreters of public opinion.

The American Vice

We have not redeemed the United States from corruption because we have turned out a gang of thieves from office in New York and Brooklyn, and set an encouraging example to other municipalities. The fever is not cured because one sore is undergoing effective treatment. The corruption is in the blood; the remedy must be as radical as the disorder is deep-seated.

For the characteristic American vice is covetousness; not avarice, which is a mere desire to possess, but covetousness, which is a desire to possess more and ever more. We worship success, and we measure success by money standards. McLaughlin and Croker and Tammany are not the only sinners; they are perhaps a trifle more vulgar than their fellows, but they are types, not sports.

We come of a robber race. The early Anglo-Saxons were pirates and freebooters. They had some great virtues; they were energetic, enterprising, chaste, loyal; but they believed that might makes right, and they acted on that belief. With this spirit of enterprise, but also of marauding, in its blood, the Anglo-Saxon race, in trying to gain possession of this continent, found itself here in a new country where everything had to be done—forests felled, plains plowed, harvests gathered, houses erected, roads constructed. The necessities of material civilization enforced a spirit too greedy, and made material aggrandizement at once the goal and the evidence of success. Then came foreign immigration—thousands of thousands of men who had lived like animals coming hither to better their fortunes. Stirred from that dull despair which men miscall content by stories of this Western Eldorado, they flocked hither, ready to catch the contagion of the Anglo-Saxon passion for success without knowing the checks and restraints furnished by the Anglo-Saxon conscience and sense of honor. They found themselves here in a land in which all caste walls had been leveled. The Old World had said, "Once a day-laborer, always a day-laborer." The New World said to the rail-splitter and the canal-driver, "You may be President of the Nation;" to the railroad freight-handler, "You may become a railroad king; you need only sagacity, energy, enterprise, and just enough conscience—neither too little nor too much." They found themselves also in a land which had abolished all the old standards of social honor—a land without aristocracy. No man could be knighted; no decoration of the Legion of Honor could be pinned upon his breast. Every man was thrown into a great, struggling crowd. If he could elbow his way to the front, he became a leader and men revered him. If he was elbowed to the rear, he was left without fame, as well as without money.

The results of this heritage and education are seen in many phases of National life and character. Seen in our treatment of the Indian race, whose lands we have taken, not only without compensation, but often in violation of solemn treaty obligations. We have seized their prairies, their forests, their mines; we have begrudged them our churches, our schools, our civilization. Seen in our great slave system: for what is slavery? Strip it of all its euphemistic disguises, and it is at the heart of it a mere vulgar desire to get the fruit of another man's work without paying him wages. Seen in our great National vice of intemperance. Is that due to appetite? Not chiefly; but to greed. Our liquor-shops are multiplied on every street-corner, and at every country cross-road, because there are so many thousands of men eager to make money and careless of the means by which they make it. The saloon is a pimple; the brewery and the distillery are the corruptors of the blood that multiply the pimples; and the man who owns and stocks a thousand saloons, and multiplies poverty and tears and blood, but dwells in a fine house, rides in a fine carriage, and sits in a fine pew, finds open access to reputable society, because he has succeeded. Seen in the gambling passion, which exhibits itself in protean forms, from the betting on a ball-game to the gambling on the exchange.

Or, turn from our American vices to our American virtues. What are the virtues we praise? Not in our pulpits on Sunday, but in our newspapers, our daily conversation, our practical emulation. Are they such as peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance? Do mothers point their boys to this man as an example because he is so gentle, and to this one because he is so peaceful, and to this one because he is so meek? No! The fruits of the American spirit are push, pluck, energy, vigor, thrift. The quality of character that makes success in the rough-and-tumble game of life is the quality we really praise. American life is a football game, and though sometimes we wax indignant over foul play and slugging, on the whole we still keep at the front the captain who wins, and deafen with our cheers the eleven who make the score, nor inquire particularly how they have made it. So we measure the merchant by the money he has made; the lawyer by the fees he receives; the newspaper by the total of its circulation and its advertising; the college by the bigness of its endowment; and even the church by the size of its pew-rentals and the wealth of its congregation.

It would be a singular and stupid egotism were The Outlook to imagine that there are not many voices lifted up in warning against this American sin. It would show singular dullness of vision if it did not perceive that there is also an Anglo-Saxon conscience, stern and steadfast, which perpetually calls the Nation to account, and in which is the hope of a future final and complete reformation. What this reformation must involve we may consider hereafter. To-day we simply seek to make the reader pause in his exaltation over recent political victories, and see that the spirit which has made a Croker and a McLaughlin possible, the spirit which has disgraced every American city with shameless corruption, will still survive after Croker and McLaughlin are not only dethroned, but in their graves; and that the redemption of America involves something wider in its scope and deeper in its reach than any mere political reformation.

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Ideals for a Country Town

By the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington
Bishop of Central New York
As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S summer home is in old Hadley, in central Massachusetts. The house he occupies is a mile north of the main village, in a region of scattered farm-houses. It is a great, white, colonial building, with a gambrel roof, and it stands far back in a big, park-like yard, where it always seems half asleep among the drowsy shadows of the great elms that stand thick about. The same old-time air of repose characterizes the house interior. Its ancient furniture, its open fireplaces, its plain walls, all seem as if they had come down unaltered from the time the house was built, more than one hundred and forty years ago.

The conversation that I report was held one summer afternoon in the Bishop's study. The conversation started with a question of mine about country houses. The Bishop said:

"The true standard of taste is simplicity. If a man builds, he had better build simply. I should say that of the richest. The distinction of classes is already marked enough. Wealth does not need to emphasize this distinction, and make the gap wider by building costly houses. Besides, we don't know the condition of those who will come after us. No matter what a man is worth, he does most wisely if the house he puts up is one that can be preserved on moderate means. The home is the last place to show extravagance in. Yet one must think of comfort, of proportion, symmetry, and ventilation, and it is well to have variety in dwellings just as there is in trees—just as there is in nature. I accepted this old house which was built by my great-grandfather. I wouldn't on any account alter it. That is largely because of sentiment, I suppose. It is not convenient, the rooms are low-studded, as you see, and there is no rule as to their dimensions or decoration. But I do admire old houses. You are conscious of the home feeling in them as you never are in a new house. When you come to an old house, built fifty or one hundred years ago, you always find there associations clinging about it that appeal to you.

"I once visited the Anne Hathaway cottage at Stratford. There was not a single handsome thing in the house, yet it was most interesting and attractive. There was the fireplace, and there was the old bench on which Shakespeare and Anne had sat together, and the other furniture, all worn with use and age. No person could enter or leave the cottage without feeling it inexpressibly beautiful. I don't think I can conceive of a new house being very charming. I wouldn't want to live in one.

"A house I saw yesterday, while I was driving, struck me. Some city man who had made money had bought this square old country house, made it sound and painted it, and put on the front a roomy porch that gave dignity and beauty to the whole building. He showed a great deal of discretion, it seemed to me. He saved the good, yet got rid of the previous bareness and baldness of the house.

"Perhaps the house that is most natural and interesting is the one that is built from time to time. It humanizes it; it is a growth; it is a place to live in. Such a house has a charm that no house built by rule ever has.

"I don't like any shade of yellow for a house color, and I don't like a red brick house. It doesn't harmonize with the country landscape. Buffs and browns are good colors, but outside the large towns, in our rural regions, where the landscape is very green, I think there is nothing pleasanter than white.

"There's just the same difference in houses that there is in people. You go into one and the atmosphere of its rooms is comfortable and restful; into another and you are almost irritated by their formality. Everything is set up in a certain way; it is stiff. You feel it is not what the first house is, and would not be if the articles of furniture were exactly the same. Even a little disorder is better than primness and stiffness. You can't arrange your chairs or bric-à-brac or other ornaments geometrically or precisely and have them attractive. They must look as if they had been handled and used. A few books lying about that look as if they were being read are much more interesting than as many bookcases full of upright volumes. But this making home pleasant and sweet is not a science; it can't be learnt or put on. It must come from inner quality. I don't believe much in rules.

"People are a good deal inclined to run to showiness in their house-furnishings, and, where there is money and leisure, to over-elaborateness. It is almost the only means that most have of expressing their aspirations toward the beautiful. They have only reached a half-way stage of culture, and they make an uninstructed attempt at display. Display, itself, is a false motive. A chair is made to sit in, not to be looked at. Get comfort first and then make it look as well as it can and still be in keeping with the house and the rest of the room. The idea of permanency, too, should be inwrought in our sense of fitness both in building and in furniture. It is always worth while to make or buy that which is substantial and lasting. They paid more attention in old times to such points. If they hadn't, I wouldn't have that chair beyond my desk now. It belonged to my great-grandmother, and has come down to me sound and strong from the time when she was a young woman.

"I wonder that the growths of nature are not imitated more in furniture. They are some, but I think it might be carried further than it is. Take a chair, for instance; use is, of course, the first thing; but why couldn't there be something about it that would suggest an agreeable natural object? Not long ago I wanted something out here at my door as a convenience for getting into the carriage. To begin with, I thought I would go to a carpenter and get him to make me some steps. But what I did do, finally, was to go to the woods and saw a section off a great fallen tree and shape that into steps. It seems to me that is much less artificial and more pleasing than anything made with boards and nails could be.

"I should be afraid there was something wrong about my house if it provoked envy. I don't want a man to come in and say, 'How much better—how much more costly your things are than anything I have or can afford!' But if he says, 'How much more fitting or appropriate,' then the feeling awakened is healthy and he has got good.

"Display, more than anywhere else, is out of place in church. A woman ought not to go to church so richly dressed as to attract attention. Her dress ought to be such as would not provoke jealousies, criticisms, or unpleasant comparisons with her indigent sisters. The well-to-do should make this a matter of conscience.

"It is a danger of our rural population that they will make up their lives of work and loafing only. If they get up early and work hard all day, there's not much energy left at the day's close, and they easily drift to the village tavern or other resort to spend the evening. The need is to interest them in something that is a little higher. A small collection of good books in a village that all can have access to is a help. Of course the books should be selected with care, and pains should be taken to keep out trash. Little gatherings for reading, study, and recreation are always well. So many of the brightest young people, both boys and girls, go to the cities that a rustic town, if the people are narrow in their interests, may be pretty dull. A village improvement society is an excellent thing. Let

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as many as can be interested unite, and all help to make the place neat and, in such ways as suggest themselves, pleasant and beautiful. Sidewalks and roadsides can be objects of care, and, in particular, there is the village cemetery, which so often is shabby with neglect. All have an equal right in the burial-place, and a little thought and labor would adorn it and make it lovely. Interest need not be entirely confined to outdoor nature.

"In the winter arrange, if possible, to have some lectures in your school-house or church or hall. A lecture on some branch of science, no matter how old the subject, may always be fresh and interesting. The progress of science is, in our time, so rapid that there is a story to be told that is new everywhere. Three months can't pass without my finding something in the papers I take that is wonderful to read of.

"The clergyman is the natural leader in the town where he lives. Yet he is very apt to lack the power and tact and practical sense that will make him a leader. In the old colonial times the parson—parson means just the same as person—was *the* person, *the* man of the place. The interests of the people were not so diversified then; there were far fewer sources to look to for amusement and instruction, books and papers were scarce, and the minister was the one educated thinker of the town. He was the master mind in his way. His sermons were Calvinistic and not very practically vital and helpful; nevertheless, both week-days and holy-days he was the people's guide—they looked up to him.

"In these days I fancy people do not expect much leadership from the minister, except in what is directly connected with his church duties. It is many times the case that there are lay minds in the pews who are more versatile than the man in the pulpit, and understand the needs of the masses better. The people want help in their daily problems, and they turn to the man who gives them that help, no matter who he is or what he is.

"I don't think the training the young man who plans to be a minister gets is at all what it might be and ought to be. I often wonder that our young preachers do as well as they do. You take a boy who has always lived in the city; he's seen nothing of life but that of a metropolis. He goes through the schools, to an academy, and takes a course at college. All his time is taken up with the curriculum. There's a teacher of ethics in the college, but he's rarely a man who is capable of being other than bookish. He doesn't make you know life and feel for it. Then comes the theological seminary, and several years of Hebrew, the Greek Testament, and theology, and of learning to write sermons. The students plod along in a mill-wheel, mechanical way, their sympathies are not developed, and of the great social problems of mankind they know only what they pick up in their personal reading. There ought to be a chair of political economy in every theological seminary. I don't know of such in any of them.

"After a young man gets his education, let him settle in a country town, and what can you expect of him? He's a leader on Sunday, no doubt, and he's an interpreter of Sunday thought. I don't criticise what learning he has, but the learning isn't well balanced. He wants all his scholarship, but his great need is to know how to bring that to bear on realities as they are in the minds of those he addresses. He does give a good deal of instruction, but it smacks too much of the study and of books. The difficulty of abstraction is a great hindrance to pulpit power. There's too much of other-worldliness in our preaching. We need to know of this world much more than we need to know of the other. What the preacher says should make you feel as if he were of the people, as if he understood them and belonged to them. He ought to make every effort to know what the life of his people is, what their interests are, in what they fail and in what ways their good traits show themselves. He ought to study character in all its manifestations. On the depth of the preacher's knowledge and sympathy, in just these channels, depends to a large degree his power.

"I don't suggest in what I say that doctrine is to be avoided. It isn't. Doctrine is necessary, but the preacher must make doctrine vital or it's worthless. Sermons have no need to run in one channel. There are fifty-two Sundays in a year, and two sermons a Sunday—room enough for considerable variety. A man of the right sort can do a great deal of effective work in a year.

"It is the province of the preacher to incite his hearers to just dealings with one another, to kindliness and helpfulness between neighbors, and to all that makes for good temper, good character, and culture and refinement. Our community life has vastly too much of jealousy and envy in it. Society naturally splits off into little circles of those who are congenial in their thought and tastes. That does not mean that those you do not go with are better or worse than you are—only that they are different. The trouble with these circles is not in the fact that there are such, but in their critical and even hostile attitude toward those outside—it is in their gossip, the pettiness of their interests. They tell what Mrs. So-and-so thinks, what this and that woman wears to church or had on at the last party, bring up all sorts of personal details, oddities, and rumors, and things that are not in the least any of their business. Nor do they treat what they treat pleasantly or kindly. Their manner is petty, meddling, and often sneering. This sort of talking about each other doesn't mean mutual love and forbearance, but the opposite. It ought to be stopped—preached out of them, got out of them some way.

"The church itself is not free from gossipmongers. The sewing societies are frequently famous places for a most unchristian tearing-to-pieces of neighborhood happenings and reputations. The church is a public affair. All kinds of people are a part of it, and all kinds of people busy themselves with its various work. Those who are willing to work the hardest often do so because they want to be first—they like to be conspicuous, to have power. The church is an exhibition-room that serves to show off their prominence. These people are useful, their work is excellent, often, and the pity is that their spirit is not better and their talk more controlled. These church societies are very likely to be the places where a cabal will start against the minister. A careless or intriguing woman's tongue can do a good deal of damage.

"People make serious mistakes, too, in their attitude toward the schools. What you are to do when a teacher has been selected is to place all responsibility in his hands, support him. Don't mix up governments—that is pernicious always. If the teacher says one thing and the parent another, the school is hurt and the child is hurt. It is a great mistake to discuss school rumors before the children. Don't censure the teacher in their hearing. They will go back to the school with a different feeling toward the teacher, and whatever power he had for helping them will be lessened. If you have complaint to make, go to the trustees or committee—they have the power. Lay your case before them, and stand to it—see that it gets attention. If you haven't a good teacher, get one that is, and then uphold him. When your boy comes home and complains, don't take sides with him. You've heard only his version and his point of view; his anger or indignation is pretty sure to color what he tells. It must be an affair of great seriousness in which you are not bound to support the teacher.

"That makes me think of a prayer of the elder Beecher's. Times were dismal and things were getting pretty bad, and he said, 'Lord, keep us from despising our rulers; and, Lord, keep them from behaving so we can't help it.'

"It is just the same with regard to ministers as with teachers; fault-finding and personal criticism in a general company and before children is harmful. To discuss what the minister says in its ideas and principles is all right, but be careful about going further.

"We have had hard times the past year. The notion is frequently put forward in such emergencies that we are to stop purchasing, that we must economize and spend only for necessities. In reality we should not reduce expenditures unless we are obliged to. If we do, some one will suffer. If we only buy the food and clothing that we absolutely need, and cut off our natural outgo in other directions, employment will very soon cease for all the workers

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in the useful and ornamental arts, and in whatever other departments of labor curtailment is made in.

"The passion for accumulation is an immense peril to this country. The appetite for gain is not a healthy one. Speaking morally, I don't think a man has a right to be worth fifty million dollars or twenty million dollars, the income from such an amount is so much beyond what any family can spend, except squanderingly and wastefully. I don't like the monopolizing tendency of our times, and the heaping up of these enormous fortunes, and the distressing poverty at the other end of the scale.

"The epoch of reconstruction or reform is coming, but it hasn't come yet. It is frequently said in ridicule of reformers that they have no scheme, no plan, on which they can agree to help us out of our difficulties. If you find fault with the present system, and preach the need of change, they call you anarchist, communist, or some other name. Well, there is no definite scheme, as yet, but we are working toward it. We have agitators. There must be such. Let us listen to them. I'm willing to hear any earnest, sober thought on the subject. There have to be fanatics, even. They all come in the order of Providence. They are not to be regretted. First there must be a general realization that something must be done, then something will be done. It will be some of these agitators and fanatics that in a future day we shall honor as the saviors of their countries.

"I wish the Church was not so silent in this matter. But the minister is too apt to be curtailed in his independence. He is the mouthpiece of his rich parishioners, he is the hired man of that millionaire who sits in one of the near pews. The Church will lose its power if it lacks courage and dares not assert its moral leadership. The Roman Catholic Church sees this. Such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland show a great deal of wisdom in bringing their Church into sympathy with the masses, in making friends with the people. If our old Churches—the Protestant Churches—keep on preaching theology, metaphysics, casuistry, there will continue to be more and more reasons for solemn Monday meetings of ministers to bewail the vacant pews of the day before. The Church ought to be able to speak on these National topics. It was just that the old Hebrew prophets talked of. It is not necessary that the preacher should anger his people or lose his temper, but he should speak."

La Fin de Siècle

By Theodore C. Williams

Could I believe the world's full age to-day
  Were nearly time's high noon, or think that Man,
  Toiling so mightily since time began,
Now touches the ripe strength when powers decay,
Then would all seas where Man's swift navies play,
  And all wide shores his cities bless or ban,
  Seem cramped, as to th' imperial Corsican
His island-dungeon where he pined away.

A youth, though captive, carries in his heart
  Undaunted liberty no chains can tame;
He will not learn the low, unfruitful art
  Of mean content, or weak, unmurmuring shame.
O heart of Man! keep young! keep brave! or be
A slave in chains, though lord of land and sea!

Selected Short Stories

VI.—Duke's Christmas

By Ruth McEnery Stuart

No one who is at all acquainted with Mrs. Stuart's stories needs to be told that she is of Southern birth and training. She was, in fact, born in a Louisiana parish called Avoyles, situated near the center of the State. Her childhood, however, was spent in New Orleans, and the stirring scenes of war-time in that city are among her early recollections. In New Orleans she remained until her marriage some fifteen years ago, and her opportunities for studying types of both races and in widely differing grades of society were thoroughly improved. This fact is particularly well illustrated by the story called "Carlotta's Intended," which gives some vivid sketches of Italian and Irish life in New Orleans, which are no less true and exact than Mrs. Stuart's more commonly drawn negro and Southern-white types. The truth of the author's revelations about the Mafia in New Orleans was proven soon after this story was printed, by the events which led to the lynching of several Mafia assassins. It is this story, by the way—"Carlotta's Intended"—which gives the title to the book from which we have taken for our sixth "selected short story" "Duke's Christmas," with the consent of Mrs. Stuart and her publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city, to whom we are also indebted for the accompanying portrait, which first appeared in "Harper's Young People." Mrs. Stuart has been writing for publication for about six or seven years. Most of her work is to be found in the two volumes called "The Golden Wedding" and "Carlotta's Intended." One of her very best stories is published in this month's "Century Magazine;" it is called "A Christmas Guest," and has a union of tender feeling with spontaneous humor which is as rare as it is delightful. Mrs. Stuart owes her wide and growing popularity to the freshness and naturalness of her manner as a writer; her tales have nothing pretentious, no "super-psychology," no pessimistic realism; they are frank, merry, faithful in character-painting, and neither sensational nor morbid.

Ruth McEnery Stuart

"YOU des gimme de white folks's Christmus-dinner plates, time dey git thoo eatin', an' lemme scrape 'em in a pan an' set dat pan in my lap an' blow out de light an' *go it bline!* Hush, honey, hush, while I shet my eyes now an' tas'e all de samples what'd come out'n dat pan—cramberries, an' tukkey-stuffin' wid *puck*ons in it, an' ham, an' fried oyscher, an'—an' minch-meat, an' chow-chow pickle, an'—an' jelly! Umh! Don' keer which-a-one I strack fust—dey all got de Christmus seasonin'!"

Old Uncle Mose closed his eyes and smiled, even smacked his lips in contemplation of the imaginary feast which he summoned at will from his early memories. Little Duke, his grandchild, sitting beside him on the floor, rolled his big eyes and looked troubled. Black as a raven, nine years old and small of his age, but agile and shrewd as a little fox, he was at present the practical head of this family of two.

This state of affairs had existed for more than two months, ever since a last attack of rheumatism had lifted his grandfather's leg upon the chair before him and held it there.

Duke's success as a provider was somewhat phenomenal, considering his size, color, and limited education.

True, he had no rent to pay; for their one-roomed cabin, standing on uncertain stilts outside the old levee, had been deserted during the last high-water, when Uncle Mose had "tooken de chances" and moved in. But then Mose had been able to earn his seventy-five cents a day at wood-sawing; and, besides, by keeping his fishing-lines baited and set out the back and front doors—there were no windows—he had often

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drawn in a catfish, or his shrimp-bag had yielded breakfast for two.

Duke's responsibilities had come with the winter and its greater needs, when the receding waters had withdrawn even the small chance of landing a dinner with hook and line. True, it had been done on several occasions, when Duke had come home to find fricasseed chickens for dinner; but somehow the neighbors' chickens had grown wary, and refused to be enticed by the corn that lay under Mose's cabin.

The few occasions when one of their number, swallowing an innocent-looking grain, had been suddenly lifted up into space, disappearing through the floor above, seemed to have impressed the survivors.

Mose was a church member, and would have scorned to rob a hen-roost, but he declared "when strange chickens come a-foolin' roun' bitin' on my fish-lines, I des twisses dey necks ter put 'em out'n dey misery."

It had been a long time since he had met with any success at this poultry-fishing, and yet he always kept a few lines out.

He *professed* to be fishing for crayfish—as if crayfish ever bit on a hook or ate corn! Still, it eased his conscience, for he did try to set his grandson a Christian example consistent with his precepts.

It was Christmas Eve, and the boy felt a sort of moral responsibility in the matter of providing a suitable Christmas dinner for the morrow. His question as to what the old man would like to have, had elicited the enthusiastic bit of reminiscence with which this story opens. Here was a poser! His grandfather had described just the identical kind of dinner which he felt powerless to procure. If he had said oysters, or chicken, or even turkey, Duke thought he could have managed it; but a pan of rich fragments was simply out of the question.

"Wouldn't you des as lief have a pone o' hot aig-bread, gran'-dad, an'—an'—an' maybe a nice baked chicken—ur—ur a—"

"Ur a nothin', boy! Don't talk to me! I'd a heap'd ruther have a secon'-han' white Christmus dinner 'n de bes' fus'-han' nigger one you ever seed, an' I ain't no spring chicken, nuther. I done had 'spe'unce o' Christmus dinners. An' what you talkin' 'bout, anyhow? Whar you gwine git roas' chicken, nigger?"

"I don' know, less'n I'd meck a heap o' money to-day; but I could sho' git a whole chicken ter roas' easier'n I could git dat pan full o' goodies *you's* a-talkin' 'bout.

"Is you gwine crawfishin' to-day, gran'daddy?" he continued, cautiously, rolling his eyes. "'Caze when I cross de road, terreckly, I gwine shoo off some o' dem big fat hens dat scratches up so much dus'. Dey des a puffec' nuisance, scratchin' dus' clean inter my eyes ev'y time I go down de road."

"Dey is, is dey? De nasty impident things! You better not shoo' none of 'em over heah, less'n you want me ter wring dey necks—which I boun' ter do ef dey pester my crawfish-lines."

"Well, I'm gwine now, gran'dad. Ev'ything is done did an' set whar you kin reach—I gwine down de road an' shoo dem sassy chickens away. Dis here bucket o' brick-dus' sho' is heavy," he added, as he lifted to his head a huge pail.

Starting out, he gathered up a few grains of corn, dropping them along in his wake until he reached the open where the chickens were; when, making a circuit round them, he drove them slowly until he saw them begin to pick up the corn. Then he turned, whistling as he went, into a side street, and proceeded on his way.

Old Mose chuckled audibly as Duke passed out, and, baiting his lines with corn and scraps of meat, he lifted the bit of broken plank from the floor, and set about his day's sport.

"Now, Mr. Chicken, I'm settin' deze heah lines fur crawfish, an' ef you smarties come a-foolin' roun' 'em, I gwine punish you 'cordin' ter de law. You heah me!" He chuckled as he thus presented his defense anew before the bar of his own conscience.

But the chickens did not bite to-day—not a mother's son or daughter of them—though they ventured cautiously to the very edge of the cabin.

It was a discouraging business, and the day seemed very long. It was nearly nightfall when Mose recognized Duke's familiar whistle from the levee. And when he heard the little bare feet pattering on the single plank that led from the brow of the bank to the cabin door, he coughed and chuckled as if to disguise a certain eager agitation that always seized him when the little boy came home at night.

"Here me," Duke called, still outside the door; adding, as he entered, while he set his pail beside the old man, "How you is to-night, gran'dad?"

"Des po'ly, thank Gord. How you yo'se'f, my man?" There was a note of affection in the old man's voice as he addressed the little pickaninny, who seemed in the twilight a mere midget.

"An' what you got dyah?" he continued, turning to the pail, beside which Duke knelt, lighting a candle.

"*Picayune* o' light-brade, an' *lagnappe*[1] o' salt," Duke began, lifting out the parcels, "an' *picayune* o' molasses an' *lagnappe* of coal ile—ter rub yo' laig wid—heah hit in de tin can; an' *picayune* o' coffee an' *lagnappe* o' matches—heah dey is, fo'teen an' a half, but de half ain't got no fizz on it. An' deze heah in de bottom, dey des chips I picked up 'long the road."

"An' you ain't asked fur no *lagnappe* fo' yo'self, Juke. Whyn't you ax fur des one *lagnappe* o' sugar-plums, baby, bein's it's Christmus? Yo' ole gran'dad ain't got nothin' fur you, an' yo' know to-morrer is sho' 'nough Christmus, boy. I ain't got even ter say a crawfish bite on my lines to-day, much less'n some'h'n' fittin' fur a Christmus gif'. I did set heah an' whittle you a little whistle, but some'h'n' went wrong wid it. Hit won't blow. But tell me, how's business ter-day, boy? I see you done sol' yo' brick-dus'?"

"Yas, sir, but I toted it purty nigh all day fo' I *is* sol' it. De folks wharever I went, dey say nobody don't want to scour on Christmus Eve. An' one time I set it down an' made three nickels cuttin' grass an' holdin' a white man's horse, an' dat gimme a res'. An' I started out ag'in, an' I walked inter a big house an' ax de lady ain't she want ter buy some pounded brick. An', gran'dad, you know what meck she buy it? 'Caze she seh my bucket is mos' as big as I is, an' ef I had de grit ter tote it clean ter her house on Christmus Eve, she seh I shan't pack it back—an' she gimme a dime fur it, too, 'stid a nickel. An' she gimme two hole-in-de-middle cakes, wid sugar on 'em. Heah dey is." Duke took two sorry-looking rings from his hat and presented them to the old man. "I done et de sugar off 'em," he continued. "'Caze I knowed it'd give you de toofache in yo' gums. An' I tol' 'er what you say, gran'dad!"

Mose turned quickly.

"What you tol' dat white lady I say, nigger?"

"I des tol' 'er what you say 'bout scrapin' de plates inter a pan."

Mose grinned broadly. "Is you had de face ter tell dat strange white 'oman sech talk as dat? An' what she say?"

"She des looked at me up an' down fur a minute, an' den she broke out in a laugh, an' she seh: 'You sho' is de littles' coon I ever seed out foragin'!' An' wid dat she seh: 'Ef you'll come roun' to-morrer night, 'bout dark, I'll give you as big a pan o' scraps as you kin tote.'"

There were tears in the old man's eyes, and he actually giggled.

"Is she? Well done! But ain't you 'feerd you'll los' yo'self, gwine way down town at night?"

"Los' who, gran'dad? You can't los' me in dis city, so long as de red-light Pertania cars is runnin'. I kin ketch on behine tell dey fling me off, den teck de nex' one tell dey fling me off ag'in—an' hit ain't so fur dat-a-way."

"Does dey fling yer off rough, boy? Look out dey don't bre'k yo' bones."

"Dey ain't gwine crack none o' my bones. Sometimes de drivers kicks me off, an' sometimes dey cusses me off, tell I lets go des ter save Gord's name—dat's a fac'."

"Dat's right. Save it when you kin, boy. So she gwine scrape de Christmus plates fur me, is she? I wonder what sort o' white folks dis here tar-baby o' mine done strucken in wid, anyhow? You sho' dey reel quality white folks, is yer, Juke? 'Caze I ain't gwine sile my mouf on no po'-white-trash scraps."

"I ain't no sho'er 'n des what I tell yer, gran'dad. Ef dey ain't quality, I don' know northin' 't all 'bout it. I tell yer when I walked roun' dat yard clean ter de kitchen on dem flag-stones wid dat bucket o' brick on my hade, I had ter stop an' ketch my bref fo' I could talk, an' de cook, a sassy, fat, black lady, she would o' sont me out, but de madam, she seed me 'erse'f, an' she tooken took notice ter me, an' tell me set my bucket down, an' de yo'ng ladies, beatin' aigs in de kitchen, day was makin' spote o' me, too—ax' me is I weaned yit, an' one ob 'em ax me is my nuss los' me! Den dey gimme deze heah hole-in-de-middle cakes, an' some reesons. I des fotched you a few reesons, but I done et de mos' ob 'em—I ain't gwine tell you no lie 'bout it."

"Dat's right, baby. I'm glad you is et 'em—des so dey don't cramp yer up—an' come 'long now an' eat yo' dinner. I saved you a good pan o' greens an' meat. What else is you et ter-day, boy?"

"De ladies in de kitchen dey gimme two burnt cakes, an' I swapped half o' my reesons wid a white boy fur a biscuit—but I sho' is hongry."

"Yas, an' you sleepy, too—I know you is."

"But I gwine git up soon, gran'dad. One market-lady she seh ef I come early in de mornin' an' tote baskits home, she gwine gimme some'h'n' good; an' I'm gwine ketch all dem butchers an' fish-ladies in dat Mag'zine markit 'Christmus gif'!' An' I bet yer dey'll gimme some'h'n' ter fetch home. Las'

[1] Pronounced lan-yap.

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Christmus I got seven nickels an' a whole passel o' marketin' des a-ketchin' 'em Christmus gif'. Deze heah black molasses I brung yer home to-night—how yer like 'em, gran'dad?"

"Fust-rate, boy. Don't yer see me eatin' 'em? Say yo' pra'rs now, Juke, an' lay down, 'caze I gwine weck you up by sun-up."

It was not long before little Duke was snoring on his pallet, when old Mose, reaching behind the mantel, produced a finely braided leather whip, which he laid beside the sleeping boy.

"Wush't I had a apple ur orwange ur stick o' candy ur some'h'n' sweet ter lay by 'im fur Christmus," he said, fondly, as he looked upon the little sleeping figure. "Reck'n I mought bile dem molasses down inter a little candy—seem lak hit's de onlies' chance dey is."

And, turning back to the low fire, Mose stirred the coals a little, poured the remains of Duke's "*picayune* o' molasses" into a tomato-can, and began his labor of love.

Like much of such service, it was for a long time simply a question of waiting; and Mose found it no simple task, even when it had reached the desired point, to pull the hot candy to a fairness of complexion approaching whiteness. When, however, he was able at last to lay a heavy, copper-colored twist with the whip beside the sleeping boy, he counted the trouble as nothing; and, hobbling over to his own cot, he was soon also sleeping.

. . . . . .

The sun was showing in a gleam on the river next morning, when Mose called, lustily, "Weck up, Juke, weck up! Christmus gif', boy, Christmus gif'!"

Duke turned heavily once; then, catching the words, he sprang up with a bound.

"Christmus gif', gran'dad!" he returned, rubbing his eyes; then, fully waking, he cried, "Look onder de chips in de bucket, gran'dad."

And the old man choked up again as he produced the bag of tobacco over which he had actually cried a little last night, when he had found it hidden beneath the chips with which he had cooked Duke's candy.

"I 'clare, Juke, I 'clare you is a caution," was all he could say.

"An' who gimme all deze?" Duke exclaimed, suddenly seeing his own gifts.

"I don' know nothin' 't all 'bout it, less'n ole Santa Claus mought o' tooken a rest in our mud chimbley las' night," said the old man, between laughter and tears.

And Duke, the knowing little scamp, cracking his whip, munching his candy, and grinning, replied:

"I s'pec' he is, gran'dad; an' I s'pec' he come down an' b'iled up yo' nickel o' molasses, too, ter meck me dis candy. Tell yer, dis whup, she's got a daisy snapper on 'er, gran'dad! She' wuth a dozen o' deze heah white-boy *w'ips*, she is!"

The last thing Mose heard, as Duke descended the levee that morning, was the crack of the new whip; and he said, as he filled his pipe, "De idee o' dat little tar-baby o' mine fetchin' me a Christmus gif'!"

It was past noon when Duke got home again, bearing upon his shoulder, like a veritable little Santa Claus himself, a half-filled coffee-sack, the joint results of his service in the market and of the munificence of its autocrats.

The latter had apparently measured their gratuities by the size of their beneficiary, as their gifts were very small. Still, as the little fellow emptied the sack upon the floor, they made quite a tempting display. There were oranges, apples, bananas, several of each; a bunch of soup-greens, scraps of fresh meat—evidently butcher's "trimmings"—odds and ends of vegetables; while in the midst of the mêlée three live crabs struck out in as many directions for freedom.

They were soon landed in a pot; while Mose, who was really no mean cook, was preparing what seemed a sumptuous midday meal.

Late in the afternoon, while Mose nodded in his chair, Duke sat in the open doorway, stuffing the last banana into his little stomach, which was already as tight as a kettledrum. He had cracked his whip until he was tired, but he still kept cracking it. He cracked it at every fly that lit on the floor, at the motes that floated into the shaft of sunlight before him, at special knots in the door-sill, or at nothing, as the spirit moved him. A sort of holiday feeling, such as he felt on Sundays, had kept him at home this afternoon. If he had known that to be a little too full of good things, and a little tired of cracking whips or tooting horns or drumming, was the happy condition of most of the rich boys of the land at that identical moment, he could not have been more content than he was. If his stomach ached just a little, he thought of all the good things in it, and was rather pleased to have it ache—just this little. It accentuated his realization of Christmas.

As the evening wore on, and the crabs and bananas and molasses candy stopped arguing with one another down in his little stomach, he found himself thinking, with some pleasure, of the pan of scraps he was to get for his grandfather, and he wished for the hour when he should go. He was glad when at last the old man waked with a start and began talking to him.

"I been wushin' you'd weck up an' talk, gran'dad," he said, "'caze I wants ter ax yer what's all dishere dey say 'bout Christmus. When I wus comin' 'long ter-day I stopped in a big chu'ch, an' dey was a preacher-man standin' up wid a white nightgown on, an' he seh dishere's our Lord's birf-day. I heerd 'im seh it myse'f. Is dat so?"

"Co'se it is, Juke. Huccome you ax me sech ignunt questioms? Gimme dat Bible, boy, an' lemme read you some 'ligion."

Mose had been a sort of lay preacher in his day, and really could read a little, spelling or stumbling over the long words. Taking the book reverently, he leaned forward until the shaft of sunlight fell upon the open page, when, with halting speech, he read to the little boy—who listened with open-mouthed attention—the story of the birth at Bethlehem.

"An' look heah, Juke, my boy," he said, finally, closing the book, "hit's been on my min' all day ter tell yer I ain't gwine fishin' no mo' tell de high-water come back—you heah? 'Caze yer know somebody's chickens *mought* come an' pick up de bait, an' I'd be 'bleeged ter kill 'em ter save 'em, an' we ain' gwine do dat no mo', me an' you. You heah, Juke?" Duke rolled his eyes around and looked pretty serious.

"Yas, sir, I heah," he said.

"An' me an' you, we done made dis bargain on de Lord's birf-day—yer heah, boy?—wid Gord's sunshine kiverin' us all over, an' my han' layin' on de page. Heah, lay yo' little han' on top o' mine, Juke, an' promise me you gwine be a *square man*, so he'p yer. Dat's it. Say it out loud, an' yo' ole gran'dad he done said it, too. Wrop up dem fishin'-lines, now, an' th'ow 'em up on de rafters. Now come set down heah, an' lemme tell yer 'bout Christmus on de ole plantation. Look out how you pop dat whup 'crost my laig! Dat's a reg'lar horse-fly killer, wid a coal o' fire on 'er tip." Duke laughed.

"Now han' me a live coal fur my pipe. Dishere terbacca you brung me, hit smokes sweet as sugar, boy. Set down, now, close by me—so."

Duke never tired of his grandfather's reminiscences, and he crept up close to the old man's knee as the story began.

"When de big plantation-bell used ter ring on Christmus mornin', all de darkies had to march up ter de gre't house fur dey Christmus gif's; an' us what wucked *at* de house, we had ter stan' in front o' de fiel'-han's. An' atter ole marster axed a blessin', an' de string-ban' play, an' we all sing a song—air one we choose—boss, he'd call out de names, an' we'd step up, one by one, ter git our presents; an' ef we'd walk too shame-faced ur too 'boveish, he'd pass a joke on us, ter set ev'ybody laughin'.

"I ricollec' one Christmus-time I was co'tin' yo' gran'ma. I done had been co'tin' 'er two years, an' she helt 'er head so high I was 'feerd ter speak. An' when Christmus come an' I marched up ter git my present, ole marster gimme my bundle an' I started back, grinnin' lak a chessy-cat, an' he calt me back an' he say: 'Hol' on, Moses,' he say, 'I got 'nother present fur you ter-day. Heah's a finger-ring I got fur you, an' ef it don't fit you, I reckon hit'll fit Zephyr—you know yo' gran'ma, she was name Zephyr. An' wid dat he run his thumb in 'is pocket an' fotch me out a little gal's ring—"

"A gol' ring, gran'dad?"

"No, boy, but a silver ring—ginniwine German silver. Well, I wush't you could o' heerd dem darkies holler an' laugh! An' Zephyr, ef she hadn't o' been so yaller, she'd o' been red as dat sky yonder, de way she did blush buff."

"An' what did you do, gran'dad?"

"Who, me? Dey warn't but des one thing *fur* me to do. I des g'in Zephyr de ring, an' she ax me is I mean it, an'—an' I ax her is *she* mean it, an'—an' we bofe say—none o' yo' business what we say! What you lookin' at me so quizzical fur, Juke? If yer wants ter know, we des had a weddin' dat Christmus night—dat what we done—an' dat's huccome you got yo' gran'ma.

"But I'm talkin' 'bout Christmus now. When we'd all go home, we'd open our bundles, an' of all de purty things, *an'* funny things, *an'* jokes you ever heerd of, dey'd be in dem Christmus bundles—some'h'n' ter suit ev'y one, and hit 'im square on his funny-bone ev'y time. An' all de little bundles o' buckwheat ur flour 'd have *picayunes* an' dimes in 'em! We used ter reglar sif' 'em out wid a sifter. Dat was des *our* white folks's way. None o' de yether fam'lies 'long de coas' done it. You see, all de diffe'nt fam'lies had diffe'nt ways. But ole marster and ole miss dey'd think up some new foolishness ev'y year. We nuver knowed what was gwine to be did nex'—on'y one thing. *Dey allus put money in de bnckwheat-bag*—an' you know we never tas'e no buckwheat 'cep'n' on'y Christ-

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mus. Oh, boy, ef we could des meet up wid some o' we's white folks ag'in!"

"How is we got los' f'om 'em, gran'dad?" said Duke, inviting a hundredth repetition of the story he knew so well.

"How did we git los' f'om we's white folks? Dat's a sad story fur Christmus, Juke, but ef you sesso—

"Hit all happened in one night, time o' de big break in de levee, seven years gone by. We was lookin' fur de bank ter crack 'crost de river f'om us, an' so boss done had tooken all han's over, 'cep'n' us ole folks an' chillen, ter he'p work an' watch de yether side. 'Bout midnight, whiles we was all sleepin', come a roa'in' soun', an' fus' thing we knowed, all in de pitchy darkness, we was floatin' away—nobody 'cep'n' des you an' me an' yo' mammy in de cabin—floatin' an' bumpin' an' rockin', *an' all de time dark as pitch.* So we kep' on—one minute stiddy, nex' minute *cher-plunk* 'gins' a tree ur some'h'n' 'nother—*all in de dark*—an' one minute you'd cry—you was des a weanin' baby den—an' nex' minute I'd heah de bed you an' yo' ma was in bump 'gins' de wall, an' you'd laugh out loud an' yo' mammy she'd holler—*all in de dark.* An' so we traveled, up an' down, bunkety-bunk, seem lak a honderd hours; tell treckly a *termenjus* wave come, an' I had sca'cely felt it boomin' onder me when I pitched, an' ev'ything went travelin'. An' when I put out my han'. I felt you by me—but yo' mammy, she warn't nowhar.

"Hol' up yo' face an' don't cry, boy. I been a mighty poor mammy ter yer, but I blesses Gord to-night fur savin' dat little black baby ter me—*all in de win' an' de storm an' de dark dat night.*

"You see, yo' daddy, he was out wid de gang wuckin' de levee 'crost de river—an' dat's huccome yo' ma' was 'feerd ter stay by 'erse'f an' sont fur me.

"Well, baby, when I knowed yo' mammy was gone, I helt you tight an' prayed. An' atter a while—seem lak a million hours—come a pale streak o' day, an' fo' de sun was up, heah come a steamboat puffin' down de river, an' treckly hit blowed a whistle an' ringed a bell an' stop an' took us on boa'd, an' brung us on down heah ter de city."

"An' you never seed my mammy no mo', gran'dad?" Little Duke's lips quivered just a little.

"Yo' mammy was safe at Home in de Golden City, Juke, long 'fore we teched even de low lan' o' dis yearth.

"An' dat's how we got los' f'om we's white folks.

"An' time we struck de city I was so twis' up wid rheumatiz I lay fur six munts in de Cha'ity Hospit'l; an' you bein' so puny, cuttin' yo' toofs, dey kep' you right along in de baby-ward tell I was able to start out. An' sence I stepped out o' dat hospit'l do' wid yo' little bow-legs trottin' by me, so I been goin' ever sence. Days I'd go out sawin' wood, I'd set you on de wood-pile by me; an' when de cook 'd slip me out a plate o' soup, I'd ax fur two spoons. An' so you an' me, we been pardners right along, an' *I wouldn't swap pardners wid nobody*—you heah, Juke? Dishere's Christmus, an' I'm talkin' ter yer."

Duke looked so serious that a feather's weight would have tipped the balance and made him cry; but he only blinked.

"An' it's gittin' late, now, pardner," the old man continued, "an' you'd better be gwine—less'n you 'feerd? Ef you is, des sesso now, an' we'll meck out wid de col' victuals in de press."

"Who's afeerd, gran'dad?" Duke's face had broken into a broad grin now, and he was cracking his whip again.

"Don't eat no supper tell I come," he added, as he started out into the night. But as he turned down the street, he muttered to himself:

"I wouldn't keer, ef all dem sassy boys didn't pleg me—say I ain't got no mammy—ur daddy—ur nothin'. But dey won't say it ter me ag'in, not whiles I got dis whup in my han'! She sting lak a rattlesnake, she do! She's a daisy an' a half! Cher-whack! You gwine sass me any mo', you grea' big over-my-size coward, you? Take dat! An' dat! *An' dat!* Now run! Whoop! Heah come de red light!"

So, in fancy avenging his little wrongs, Duke recovered his spirits and proceeded to catch on behind the Prytania car, that was to help him on his way to get his second-hand Christmas dinner.

His benefactress had not forgotten her promise; and, in addition to a heavy pan of scraps, Duke took home, almost staggering beneath its weight, a huge, compact bundle.

Old Mose was snoring vociferously when he reached the cabin. Depositing his parcel, the little fellow lit a candle, which he placed beside the sleeper; then, uncovering the pan, he laid it gently upon his lap. And now, seizing a spoon and tin cup, he banged it with all his might.

"Heah de plantation-bell! Come git yo' Christmus gif's!"

And when his grandfather sprang up, nearly upsetting the pan in his fright, Duke rolled backward on the floor, screaming with laughter.

"I 'clare, Juke, boy," said Mose, when he found voice, "I wouldn't o' jumped so, but yo' foolishness des fitted inter my dream. I was dreamin' o' ole times, an' des when I come ter de ringin' o' de plantation-bell, I heerd *cher-plang!* An' it nachelly riz me off'n my foots. What's dis heah? Did you git de dinner sho' 'nough?"

The pan of scraps quite equaled that of the old man's memory, every familiar fragment evoking a reminiscence.

"You is sho' struck quality white folks dis time, Juke," he said, finally, as he pushed back the pan—Duke had long ago finished—"but dis here tukkey-stuffin'—I don't say 'tain' good, but *hit don't quite come up ter de mark o' ole miss's puckon stuffin'!*"

Duke was nodding in his chair, when finally the old man, turning to go to bed, spied the unopened parcel, which, in his excitement, Duke had forgotten. Placing it upon the table before him, Mose began to open it. It was a package worth getting—just such a generous Christmas bundle as he had described to Duke this afternoon. Perhaps it was some vague impression of this sort that made his old fingers tremble as he untied the strings, peeping or sniffing into the little parcels of tea and coffee and flour. Suddenly something happened. Out of a little sack of buckwheat, accidentally upset, rolled a ten-cent piece. The old man threw up his arms, fell forward over the table, and in a moment was sobbing aloud.

It was some time before he could make Duke comprehend the situation, but finally, pointing to the coin lying before him, he cried: "Look, boy, look! Wharbouts is you got dat bundle? Open yo' mouf, boy! Look at de money in de buckwheat-bag! Oh, my ole mistuss! Nobody but you is tied up dat bundle! Praise Gord, I say!"

There was no sleep for either Mose or Duke now; and, late as it was, they soon started out, the old man steadying himself on Duke's shoulder, to find their people.

. . . . . .

It was hard for little Duke to believe, even after they had hugged all round and laughed and cried, that the stylish black gentleman who answered the door-bell, silver tray in hand, was his own father! He had often longed for a regular blue-shirted plantation "daddy," but never, in his most ambitious moments, had he aspired to filial relations with so august a personage as this!

But while Duke was swelling up, rolling his eyes, and wondering, Mose stood in the center of a crowd of his white people, while a gray-haired old lady, holding his trembling hand in both of hers, was saying, as the tears trickled down her cheeks:

"But why didn't you get some one to write to us for you, Moses?"

Then Mose, sniffling still, told of his long illness in the hospital, and of his having afterwards met a man from the coast who told the story of the sale of the plantation, but did not know where the family had gone.

"When I fixed up that bundle," the old lady resumed, "I was thinking of you, Moses. Every year we have sent out such little packages to any needy colored people of whom we knew, as a sort of memorial to our lost ones, always half-hoping that they might actually reach some of them. And I thought of you specially, Moses," she continued, mischievously, "when I put in all that turkey-stuffing. Do you remember how greedy you always were about pecan-stuffing? It wasn't quite as good as usual this year."

"No'm; dat what I say," said Mose. "I tol' Juke dat stuffin' warn't quite up ter de mark—ain't I, Juke? Fur gracious sake, look at Juke, settin' on his daddy's shoulder, with a face on 'im ole as a man! Put dat boy down, Pete! Dat's a business-man you foolin' wid!"

Whereupon little Duke—man of affairs, forager, financier—overcome at last with the fullness of the situation, made a really babyish square mouth, and threw himself sobbing upon his father's bosom.

"Beyond These Voices"

By Marie Mumford Meinell

O, not a pleasure-ground this world of ours!—
  A Capuan retreat, where soul and sense,
Alike benumbed beneath the poppy-flowers,
  Are lost in dreams of endless indolence!

A forest, rather, of uncertain ways,
  Where travelers would be overcome with fright,
Save that, at intervals throughout the maze,
  God's sunlight falls upon the feeblest sight.

Not here, not here, fulfillment of our dream;
  Not here attainment of our soul's desire.
This but the stepping to a World unseen,
  Where life is Love, and Love is something higher.

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The Home

Apprenticeship Days

It was at a business meeting the other day that the Treasurer brought a blush to the faces of many of the women in the audience when he stated that he was sure of one thing, and that was that financial freedom had come to the women of New York, if no other freedom, for so many women had private bank accounts. He would ask, however, that these fortunate women take him into their confidence enough to trust him with their addresses, or their husbands' names. The records of the society showed that there were a number of Mrs. Smiths members. Checks had come signed "Jane Smith," "Pauline Smith," "Martha Smith," but not the slightest clue as to the married name or the addresses of the senders of the checks. This made it impossible to send receipts.

Woman has many excuses for being unbusinesslike. She labors just now under the difficulty of infant experience with adult responsibilities. She has come into her inheritance without business training. Much that mortifies her ought to amuse her; she should replace the tendency to tears with visible smiles, and learn the lesson of care and exactness through experience—an expensive but a thorough teacher.

A careful use of the dictionary would clarify the mind of many women on business affairs. A learned man said that the grammar was the dictionary reduced to order. It may as truthfully be said that it is law explained. A woman who carefully studies the terms common in the banking and business world will find herself equipped for the dark paths that lead to banks, deposit companies, treasuries, and other terrors of the unknown world of business. Her instincts may be keen, but they will not save her from mortification, or some worse penalty, if she trusts them to guide her in the carefully formed paths in which lie pitfalls to the ignorant in the realm of business.

Some Sins of Society

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

Even at the present advanced stage of the world's civilization in minor points, there remain two or three particulars in which certain of our countrywomen continue to grievously affront good form, and thereby bring upon themselves the rebuke of the initiated both at home and abroad. I refer especially to the curious misapprehension of propriety in costume intended for entertainments where daylight, albeit excluded by shades and curtains, and put out of honest countenance by gas and electricity and candles, still lingers around the scene. This variety of social function has so many things to recommend it that we might as well acknowledge its importance, and learn to adapt our toilettes to its exigencies. Decry the afternoon tea or reception as we may, there is every reason for its continuance in, and no prospect of its evanishment from, society. In our uncertain climate, during the short days of our winter season in New York, living as we do at great distances one from another—and as long, moreover, as the means of transportation for well-dressed people on pleasure bent are so few and dear—parties by daylight will hold their vogue. If we attempted, indeed, to revolutionize this cheap convenience, to reserve our visits to each other's homes till after dark, there would be a block on the wheels of society, and the interchange would stop. The duty call, the casual dropping-in for a word and a cup of tea with as many successive friends as the season will permit us to include upon our lists, must be done by daylight or not at all. Therefore, to the greater number of sociably inclined people, the costume of ceremony is a street dress, dark and simple; not too bright and good for human nature's daily wear in a street-car or in an elevated train, but, at the same time, allowing for every display of elegance in cut and fit and becomingness of tint. What, then, can be more absurd than for the hostess and her bevy of "receiving" friends upon these occasions to assume the sharp contrast of evening dress, with bared neck and arms, carrying fans and bouquets, and displaying necklaces and tiaras of gems fit only for evening entertainments of highest formality! This, to the scoffer, suggests only the appearance of a lack of other opportunity to display cherished finery. If we had perhaps a clearer understanding of the unwritten laws that govern this important detail, such mistakes would not continue to be made. But made they are; and, surely, a man in evening clothes straying among his fellows correctly clad at an afternoon festivity is no more out of place than a woman equipped in a décolletée gown—and yet what a pathetic spectacle such a male offender would be!

If there be nowhere inscribed where all may read it and profit, the law governing such matters for women, it is none the less existent and observed by people of recognized authority to lead in the practices of good society. A gown high in the throat, with elbow sleeves and gloves, is now everywhere worn by the most fashionable people at receptions or teas, or any entertainment given by them in the afternoon. If jewels are worn, they are those distinctly intended for day wear—pins, clasps, combs, not necklaces and aigrettes and crowns! If young girls are convened, as is usual, to assist in receiving, their costumes may be light in tint and texture, but are always made to conceal the neck and arms.

A case in point occurs to me. I remember the panic in the family of a Cabinet officer in Washington when the daughter of a recently installed official of Government, who had been asked to stand in the line of ladies receiving at an afternoon crush, arrived among them in a low-cut dress, with bare arms, wearing ornaments and carrying flowers as for an evening party. The poor girl was in place among a dozen others all equipped in high dresses before she found out her mistake. What could her sympathetic hostess do? Nothing but possess her sympathy in patience, merely offering a scarf of thinnest liberty silk of which a servant had been sent in quest. But the poor girl, while accepting the hint and scarf, blushed deeply, and ere long managed to disappear in the throng, and, summoning her carriage, drove away from the scene of her first object-lesson in the art of appropriate dress—a lesson to spare her from which her kind entertainers would have given much!

Just a word as to the delusion that prompts very thin women, and those to whom nature has denied a round, plump neck, to wear low-cut gowns at all. There is no possible obligation upon any one to do this thing. A square-cut gown, or an artistically discreet arrangement of lace or chiffon to cover the unbeautiful surfaces, will surely be readily forgiven by even sticklers for fashion.

It should not be needful to suggest the necessity of a balance between the gown (of whatever cut) and the occasion for which it is intended. Overdressing in their homes and abroad is the offense most frequently charged against our women by foreigners, and, I am bound to say, with justice. The recent display at the Horse Show was perhaps the most astonishing illustration of this enormity ever witnessed in New York. At one of the evening performances a woman was seen bareheaded and in full ball toilette, an opera-cloak slipping from her bare shoulders, walking amid the motley throng around the ellipse, to the amusement of all spectators. Many women, better versed in knowledge of proprieties—so many, alas! that they ceased to be personally conspicuous—appeared both day and evening in hats and bodices overloaded with ornament and crude flamboyant color. Hats were observed carrying rampant bows of mingled sapphire-blue, grass-green, magenta, and orange velvet, with flowers and feathers superimposed. Other heads displayed eccentric wings of gauze transpierced with jeweled pins. Others, again, wore so-called bonnets with crowns of cut steel, or gold

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and imitation gems! Neck-ruffs crimped like the petals of a dahlia united all the shades of one color. As to the monstrous sleeves and capes, they are still too much in evidence to need description, and were assumed by stout and slim, tall and short women indiscriminately. The whole exhibition was a mass of inartistic color and grotesquely misapplied decoration, and it is fair to say that in a hasty glance over the ateliers of Bond Street and Regent Street in late September I saw nothing among the season's novelties in costume that prepared me for the astonishing burst of eccentricity revealed by the first general gathering of New York fashion on my return. At such a function, instead of bringing the stables into the drawing-room, the Englishwoman would have equipped herself as for a visit to the stables. A Frenchwoman, who might have allowed herself some little latitude in becoming touches of trimming and color added to the Englishwoman's severe tailor-cut outfit, would nevertheless have incorporated neither silk nor velvet into her woolen costume. It was left for Americans to indulge themselves in what has been called an "orgy of cut and color," that elicited from press and people a general outcry of condemnation.

Luckily, the present outré fashions must soon yield to the inevitable law of change. In the meantime, in the hope of being guided from the maze, we must hold fast to the sense of appropriateness in costume to place.

Ten Ways of Giving Christmas Presents

By Alice I. Hazeltine

Many families choose to give their Christmas presents in one of two orthodox and time-honored ways—on a gayly decorated tree, or in stockings hung up to receive the bounty of Santa Claus. Others prefer to have variety in the manner of gift-giving, and for these here are a few suggestions.

Let the separate gifts be done up in as odd shapes as possible and labeled inconspicuously. Then let them all be placed in one room, and let different members of the family circle choose which of the queer-looking packages shall be opened.

The children always enjoy having a good-natured uncle or father dressed up as Santa Claus, in a fur robe and cap, a long white beard, and jingling bells, come in and hand around gifts from his large, heavy pack.

The presents may be placed under or beside the plates or in the chairs at the breakfast-table. No one will mind if breakfast does grow cold on that one morning.

Every one may write the name of each for whom he has a present on separate slips of paper, putting the name of the giver also on each. Put the slips into a basket. Let each one draw in turn, and give the presents accordingly.

The packages, carefully done up and labeled, may be placed together on a large table and entirely covered with a cloth. Then they may be drawn out at random and handed to the right person.

Another way is to have the members of the family, in order of age, receive a gift.

Two or three boys may disguise themselves as reindeer and be harnessed to a sleigh or a basket filled with packages. As they trot through the parlor, let every one there seize a package.

If the family is an eloquent one, a presentation speech and a response may be expected with every gift. This will give a good deal of amusement.

Hide the presents in certain rooms, and then let every one search till all are found.

Without having any special time for giving presents, they may be placed where they will surely be found unexpectedly. Mother's may be in her work-basket or on her bureau, father's in his slipper-case or dressing-gown pocket, baby's in her carriage, and so on.

Whatever the particular plan followed, be sure that happiness and hearty good-feeling have full sway.

Longing for the Ancient

By Mary Allaire

They were in a state of excitement as the train drew out of the Grand Central Station. There were four of them—Frank and Fanny Clark, Jack and Jule Plumbly, cousins—and they were on their way to "Grandpa Clark's" to remain until the Friday after New Year's.

All the fifteen and sixteen years of their lives, they said—though, more carefully speaking, for about twelve years—they had been reading stories of children who had delightful times at Christmas at their grandfather's in the country, in the houses their fathers or mothers had grown up in. There was a dear grandfather who drove in a farm-wagon to the station, who said, "How d'ye do, children?" They almost saw this grandfather, with woolen mitts and muffler knitted by a grandmother who made pies and puddings and crullers, who opened the front door and let a flood of light out on the snow and said, "Well, well, dearies!" and hugged the children to her mother-bosom when the grandfather said, "Here they be, mother." These story-book houses smelled of spices and good things to eat. How they envied these fortunate young people of the story-books! There was the wonderful garret, with dolls, and chests of clothes that always produced just the right things for little plays or charades, and old letters that told where hidden fortunes were, or wills that could not be found that these children of the books always managed to find at the right moment. Then there was always an old white horse, usually named Dobbin, who knew as much as the hired man who had dandled the fathers or mothers of these fortunate children on his knees, and who told story after story of their childhood. Then there was Samantha Ann, the "help," who never broke dishes, burnt the food or sent it underdone to the table, had no days out, never went to her cousin's funeral nor left her place, but stayed year after year as a member of the family. This had been the Christmas of the cousins' dreams. In reality they always had a lovely time. Grandfathers and grandmothers who were lovely and kind gave lots of presents. They always had mince pie, plum pudding, and turkey; played games, and had music in the evening—but it was always a city Christmas.

The other kind of Christmas story had to do with the city, and was of the visits made by rich children to poor children in time to save a child or children from starvation or some other cruel fate. Jule never told, but there had never been a Christmas eve or Christmas night that she had not stolen to the windows and raised the curtain to see if any little girl was at the railing trying to peek in the basement—the parlor windows were too high. It never was quite clear to Jule why she did this, for the front basement was used as a laundry. Jule had felt that she had been defrauded in never seeing this little girl. There was nothing she would have enjoyed more than giving her a basket of food, and taking her number and address, and going the next morning through a dirty alley up several pairs of dark stairs, into a cold, cheerless room, and finding the father of this little girl dying of consumption, and the mother sewing by the window blue with cold, and a number of children in bed to keep warm. She had pictured this scene many times. "This is the lovely little girl who gave me those things last night," the other little girl would say. And the sick man would stretch out his hand and say "God bless you!" and the mother's eyes would fill with tears, and her lip would tremble so that she could not speak. Jule would thrill as she depicted this scene, and she loved herself as she pictured all the things she would do for that family, and make them more and more dependent on her. All this never occurred, because no little girl with hungry eyes hung on to the railing in front of the house on Christmas eve. You see that, happy as Jule's Christmases had been, she had never realized the Christmas of the story-books or magazine stories.

Now she was very happy, as were the others. Christmas, to be sure, was past, and there was no hope of finding the poor family, for the little girl, as usual, failed to appear. They were going to their grandfather's in the country, but he had only built his house the previous spring, and he

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had never lived in the country before this year. He wore gold-bowed glasses on a black cord, and he would kiss them, and make them understand in good English how glad he was to see them. He was an Amherst graduate, and his son (Frank's father) was also a graduate of that college, and Frank and Fanny's mother had been graduated from Vassar. Grandma Clark did not wear caps, was very particular about her bonnets, and wore tailor-made dresses, and it never occurred to anybody to call her old. The horse was a high-stepping bay, and the carriage was a close carriage, and John, the man, touched his hat when these young people came up to the carriage. The house was a mile away from the station. When the door was opened by the servant, Grandma was in the hall in a pretty gray dress a little open at the throat, and Grandpa stood beside her, with his thick gray hair suggestive of his grandson's attempt at football length and thickness, holding a paper in his hand. As grandparents they were quite as much of a success as if Grandpa had driven "Dobbin" to the barn, and appeared later stamping the snow from his boots and unwinding the muffler from his neck, or as if Grandma had looked flushed because she had been making waffles, and appeared wiping her face on her checked apron, and saying: "Well, I be glad to see ye!"

The house was steam-heated, and felt like summer.

"Come right up to your rooms. Mary, take Miss Julia's cloak."

Such laughing and talking as sounded through the house! Grandpa smiled in the library, and the servants walked about as if everybody was going to have a good time because these young people had arrived.

Grandpa Clark had said that when he got tired of working every day he was going to move in the country and be a real grandfather, and he announced at the table that this was his first attempt. He did not expect to be a success.

This brought Fan from her seat, and she put her hand right over his mouth. "You're perfect! You shall not slander yourself. You are a perfect dear!"

"Now, Fan, go sit down, and don't rob me of the pleasure of feeling I can improve. I am now a grandfather in the country. That is one step in advance of a grandfather in the city. Now I must prove myself equal to my opportunities." He looked mischievously at Jule, who colored a little.

"Grandad, what are we to do to-morrow?"

"You'll have to help me. You see, I'm new to the country myself. I never lived in the country as a boy, and I guess living in the country, and getting all the fun out of it that can be got, is an art. There is skating on the mill-pond."

"Jolly!" "Good!" exclaimed the chorus.

The evening was just like an evening at home. The two boys and Grandpa talked football, past, present, and future; the college teams together and individually. Grandma and the girls talked over the things that had happened since they met: clothes, the new singers at the opera, and the many things that a youthful grandmother and nearly grown-up granddaughters would talk about.

At last a little partially concealed yawn of Jule's made Grandma say "Bedtime!"

"Come, Fan, play a waltz; I want to waltz with Grandpa." And Jule went over to her grandfather. "Come, Grandpa, I'd rather waltz with you than anybody I ever waltzed with."

"Which is a compliment, but limited, considering your opportunities for comparison."

Fanny played, and Jack asked Grandma to waltz with him. "You waltz better than Fan," said Jack, in her ear.

"I've had more experience, my boy," whispered Grandma back.

The next morning the boys appeared in sweaters at breakfast. Grandpa frowned, but a quick look from Grandma made him understand that she would attend to that boyish offense. But Grandpa burst out laughing when both of the girls appeared in cloth skirts and sweaters to match, one in dark red and the other in blue. Grandma looked horrified.

"Never mind, they still wear skirts," said Grandpa.

The girls blushed, and Fan went to Grandma and said: "If you dislike them, we will not wear them. Aunt Julia bought them because she thought they would be so warm. We are going to the pond right after breakfast."

"I suppose it's true that they are comfortable, but I should think their comfort would be more appreciated on the pond than in a steam-heated house at breakfast," said Grandma, gently.

Nobody wore a sweater at breakfast the next morning.

What a day! The air was clear and cold. There was no snow on the ground; the grass broke off as you walked over it. The pond—a small mill-pond—was like glass. On one side a thick growth of cedars came down to the edge; on the other side were three houses, now closed because the families had returned to the city. At the foot of the pond was the old shingled mill, now rarely used. How strange it was, gliding over the ice with such freedom! They had never skated before where it was not crowded and where they were not bumped and interfered with.

"Why, Fan, it's like being a bird!" exclaimed Jule.

"It's almost too still, Jule. It seems unearthly. Stand still a minute. We cannot hear a sound except the cracking of the ice, and cannot see a person. I wish the boys would come in sight," she added, with a little shiver. The boys did come in sight, and were hailed with such enthusiasm as to be quite bewildered for a moment.

The boys taught the girls how to cut the figure eight, to their great delight.

"Oh, Jule, look!" and Fan, in a wild state of excitement, pointed to four toboggans on the piazza when they got home in the early twilight. Grandpa Clark must have thought a cyclone had struck him when the two girls bounded into the library.

"Well, well!" he gasped. "I took a great risk when I sent for those dangerous things. I did not think, though, that it was from suffocation. I've escaped, I am glad to say."

"Oh, Grandpa! if we only could have snow!"

"These are rather useless without snow, but I cannot order that."

The boys came in declaring that Grandpa Clark was "a brick" and "a trump."

During the evening many journeys were made to the front door to discover signs of snow, but none appeared. The next day proved clear and bright, and all agreed that it was perfect. Still, the sky was scanned for the promise of snow, and no sign appeared. Two whole days of skating damped the ardor of these young people.

"Come, let us go to the garret," said Jule, one morning. Away they started, making noise enough, the cook said, to "scare the crows."

Alas! the garret was free of cobwebs. There were wardrobes with doors, with very modern dresses and hats not more than a season old; some books, not often used, that were crowded out from the library.

"What a grandmother's garret! Not any dust, not an old blue chest belonging to a sailor uncle! Not an old chair! No desk with secret drawer! No old-fashioned brocade, with short sleeves, in which Fan would look like her great-grandmother's portrait in the parlor!" said Jule, the picture of woe.

"There isn't any picture of a great-grandmother downstairs," said matter-of-fact Jack.

"Jack, you never had a bit of imagination!" exclaimed Jule. "You never could imagine water as tea, and you never would make believe eat mud pies," she continued.

"That's true, Jack; you have just an ordinary, truthful mind." And Fan shook her pretty head at him sorrowfully. "Simply truthful."

"Admirably adapted to the law, Jack; so don't get discouraged," and Frank patted him on the shoulder.

"Come downstairs; this place is cold," and matter-of-fact Jack disappeared.

"No; we must give up; this garret is hopelessly modern. Grandma gives away all her clothes to a Dorcas Society or something of the sort, and the furnace-man gets Grandpa's. No use; we're modern. Yellow waistcoats go with queer English," said Fan, going downstairs.

"Perhaps if our respected grandparents would queer

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their English we might develop a garret of the requisite character, Jule. Propose it!" said Frank. "They're in for making us happy!"

When they got down to the library, Grandma was writing some notes.

"We are going to have a little dinner and dance to-night," she announced.

She disappeared more completely than Grandpa when the toboggans were discovered.

After lunch the pond was the scene of action, but it was soft, and skating unpleasant. The cracking of the ice and the darkening at the edges told, or should have told, the city people of danger. But ignorance made them fearless. They saw nothing until water appeared here and there at the edge, and then they hurried to leave. By jumping the boys reached the shore, and then Fan extended her hand and jumped. She broke the edge of the ice, and the water appeared black and cold about two feet wide. Jule was frightened, and when the broken cake appeared she stepped on it and attempted to jump. She went down, and became helpless from fright. The boys pulled her up, and she found herself on the shore, very wet and cold, but unharmed. They all laughed over it the next day, but at the moment it appeared serious.

The dinner of young married people and some young folks of their own age was a great success, and so was the dance.

"Grandpa," said Frank the next morning, "you should have had apples, rosy-cheeked apples, and cider, and doughnuts last night. Orthodox grandfathers always do. You don't suit Jule at all. You're too modern; I begin to feel ashamed of you."

Grandpa laughed. "I have thought often that I was a failure as a grandparent."

"Oh! oh!" and the cyclone of arms and kisses descended again.

It was not long after this that Grandpa and Grandma Clark drove off. They looked highly amused, and laughed as the carriage went through the gate. An invitation came not long after they had left, for the young people to dine at a friend's two miles away the next Thursday evening. They accepted it because they thought they should, but regretfully, for the next day they would go home.

"We will go and come by train, and then we will be home early." After lunch the snow began to fall, and they took their first walk in the country in a snow-storm. How beautiful it was! How silent, how like a blessing the flakes fell and rested upon them! They laughed and ran when they started, but after a time the unusual beauty of the snow resting on every fence and bush, on trees and fields, seemed to quiet them, and they walked along feeling that they had never known how beautiful the world was.

The next day the snow still fell, but the boys and their grandfather worked all the morning on the hill shoveling snow and getting a slide ready. At night it cleared cold, and water was poured gently over the snow; in the morning it was a hill of ice, glistening in the sun.

"Modern, but attractive, Jule," said Grandpa Clark, as she came up the hill with glowing cheeks.

Sleighing, coasting, tobogganing, filled the time, and Thursday came too soon.

Grandpa and Grandma seemed relieved that the dinner-hour of the invitation was so early. "It's the only antique experience Jule's had," said Frank, "and she does not seem to enjoy it."

The dinner seemed to be hurried through, and then their hostess surprised and delighted them by the announcement that some friends were going to join them in a straw-ride, and would take them home. They did not ask questions, but they secretly wondered what a straw-ride was. At seven o'clock there was the sound of bells and much laughing. Their host and hostess hurried them into wraps, and then they found a long, low-bodied sleigh on runners at the door, with straw and fur robes in the bottom. Into this they got. There was the blowing of horns, and the usual laughing, and the four horses started. All too soon they found themselves at home. What did it mean? The house was lighted from top to bottom. People were getting out of sleighs at the door. No one explained.

They hurried out of the sleigh, leaving the rest to follow. The hall, parlor, and library were trimmed with greens, red onions here and there, bunches of red peppers, and some holly. Two or three hams were hanging in the library, into which the wooden settle from the kitchen had been drawn.

Grandma Clark had on a stiff, old-fashioned black silk dress, and a large apron, and a cap with strings tied under her chin. Grandpa had on trousers that were too short, an old-fashioned blue coat and vest, and a stock. He carried and flourished a red handkerchief. Steel-bowed glasses were on his thick gray hair.

Our young people were speechless.

Very humbly Grandpa and Grandma walked up to them and asked, "Do we suit? Does it," waving toward the library, "meet the requirements?"

What fun they had!

Grandpa insisted they should play blind man's buff, and "going to Jerusalem," and "spin the platter." They paid forfeits, and at last danced the Virginia reel, Grandpa putting an old colored man, who played a cracked violin, on a table. He called the figures, and kept time with his whole body. When everybody was tired out, the old darkey played "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and everybody sang.

The next day the winter week in the country was over, and Frank and Fan and Jule and Jack started for home.

Jule called from the car window:

"I'm satisfied with modern grandparents."

"Ditto!" shouted the others, as the train moved off.

Puzzles

PEN PORTRAITS

By Emily W. Tapley

Who is described, and by whom?

1. Years since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

2. And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

3. A lettered magnate, lording o'er
An ever-widening realm of books.

4. What a wealth it would bring to the narrow and sour,
Could they be as a child for one little hour!

5. 'Tis awful to think of—how, year after year,
With his piece in his pocket he waits for you here.
No matter who's missing, there always is one
To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

6. From youth to manhood, manhood to old age—
If age at seventy years is counted old—
His is a life to honor and extol,
Entitling him to take conspicuous rank
Among the benefactors of mankind,
And with the choicest poets of all time.

7. If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingled accents, harsh and sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The Polyglots of Babel.

8. The angel came by night
(Such angels still come down),
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep—
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men;
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.

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A Christmas Sermon

The Incarnation[1]

By Lyman Abbott

And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.—1 Timothy iii., 16.

It is fit that a Christmas service should be largely a service of song; a service in which emotion and imagination find their interpretation in music and in poetry. I could almost wish that I might be permitted to adopt the unusual custom of saying nothing this morning, but, turning to one of the Gospels, could read it through, the story of the Christ and his life on earth, and then let you go away, your hearts stirred by the music you have heard and have uttered, and by the simple story of the Life. But our life must be a unit; and we cannot long have imaginations and emotions inconsistent with our thinking; we cannot have a philosophy that points us in one direction, and imaginations and emotions inherited from the past that lead in another; sooner or later our intellectual opinions, fighting against our imaginations and emotions, will destroy them, and we shall be left with only a fairy tale, and our Christmas will be gone. So this morning I bring you back from the service of song to consider with me what is the meaning of this Christmas Day, and whether that meaning is consistent with our modern thinking about God and his work in the world.

Let us think, for a moment, of the human race as a unit, and of the common life of the race as the life of a single man. Almost the first light which a mother sees in the babe's eyes is the light of wonder. He wakes, and opens those wide eyes, and looks out on this world, and wonders where he is and what it all means, for it is all one great enigma to him. So man wakes when the breath of life is breathed into the clod, and looks out upon the world with wondering eyes, and says: What does it mean? He looks out on all the diverse phenomena: on the sea coming in and retreating again; on the mystic river which rises every year and overflows its banks and then falls back again into a sluggish and muddy current, and knows not why it rises or why it falls; upon the mountain, and wonders what tremendous force reared it up from the surrounding plain; upon the whole vast creation, with its strange mechanism, and thinks and knows there must be something back of these phenomena, and wonders what it is. So first he begins to reverence the world that lies outside of him, and a Somewhat in the world that is more than the world. But he also feels the nature within himself—a voice, a law. When wrong is done him, he is indignant with a different kind of indignation from that which comes upon him through blunders and mistakes; when he has done wrong, he is indignant with himself, and a new pain comes upon him other than the pain of his own blunder and his own mistake; and so this indignation against others and this remorse against himself are perpetually saying to him, Thou shalt and Thou shalt not. Thus a moral law speaks within him, and he begins to wonder where this law comes from; and he cannot tell. And then he looks out into society, and he finds society bound together by these laws. He becomes a part of society, and helps to make these laws; his conscience does not stand alone; each man's conscience is confirmed or rectified by another's conscience. Through society—society which he himself is helping to build up—he sees a larger moral law running, and he inquires, Where does this great moral law come from, and what is its authority? What does life mean? for life is a greater enigma than nature. He looks out into life, and he sees in men and women about him something that stirs him to reverence and to admiration. The mere wonder at the stars, the sun, the moon, dims before the larger wonder at a great heroism, a great patience, a great purity, a great truth. He perceives the springs and sources of one life in the life of other men; of this babe in his mother, of this boy in the hero, of this man of to-day in the stories of heroism in the past; and he feels in himself, whether he frames it into a philosophy or not, that all these scintillations of light are themselves significant of something grander than any one scintillation of light, and he wonders again what it all means. He looks again within himself, and, inspired by the study of the historic life of the world, by noble characters in the past, by noble companionships in the present, he finds within himself a conception, a thought, begotten, which yet vanishes whenever he attempts to lay hold upon it—an ideal which he reaches out for and it is gone, and yet he cannot but follow after it, and follows on and on these ever-vanishing ideals that ever grow brighter and yet are never fully seen, and ever escape the more he advances toward them. So religion grows up—the religion of curiosity, seeking to know the meaning of these strange phenomena, and this personal conscience, this voice that is within; the religion of social obligation, recognizing a moral bond that binds human society together and gives it character and significance, as the drops of water in a river are bound together within; the religion of reverence and ideality, seeking for the meaning of this ideal seen in other men, faintly shadowed, imperfectly manifested, felt rather than seen within himself, as that which transcends all that he has ever done and all that other men have ever done. All these types of religion you may see written to-day in human society. You may find this curious admiration of the phenomena of nature in the sun-worshipers of the East; this admiration for the noble sons of humanity in the worship of ancestors in China; this recognition of a law that rules in the hearts and consciences of men in the admiration for law characteristic of Mohammedanism; this reverence, this eye for the ideal, in the Buddhist or Brahmin looking within himself and seeking there to find the Divine Father. Everywhere man is seeking to know the Infinite and Eternal God above him, beyond him, behind everything, in nature, in society, in the individual life. All these men and women gathering around the different altars, worshiping in different homes, reaching up their blinded eyes and groping out after they know not what—all are involved in one great mystery. Priests and temples do not make religion; religion makes priests and temples. Pictures do not make art; art makes pictures. Books do not make the literary power in men; it is the literary faculty in men that creates the books. And every swinging censer, and every vested procession, and every choral-voiced organ, and every bowed head and kneeling figure in all this globe and in all human history, whether the voices cry Jehovah or Allah, or both, are features and figures in the one great procession marching through mystery to mystery.

Open your Bibles and trace this history of mystery in the record of a single race—the Hebrew; only do not think it can be traced alone in the history of that single race. In the far-off East a prophet is born, who, with those around him, worships the sun and the moon and the stars. An ancient legend says that Abraham was worshiping the stars one night, and when the moon arose and dimmed the stars he said, I will not worship a God that grows dim—I will worship the moon; and when he saw the moon wane, he said, I will not worship a God that grows less and less—I will worship the sun; and when he saw the sun sink behind the western horizon, he said, I will not worship a God that disappears—I will find a God somewhere that has never-ending life for his children; and then he left the land of nature-worship to find his God. A legend! Oh, yes, nothing but a legend! evidently only a legend! but deep, profound truth written in that legend, as in many another. Mankind waking gradually to the consciousness that there must be something better than sun or moon or stars or great river or great sea, and going out to find it. The years go by; Moses is educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he learns this: that there is one God. For while there were a multitude of gods for the common people, for the wise men in Egypt there was one God, the Ever-Living One, who manifested himself through the sacred cow and the sacred beetle and the sacred river and the sacred crocodile, but yet was one in all and over

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, December 24, 1893. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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all. And when God in the flaming bush meets Moses, and Moses says, Who shall I tell the Children of Israel has sent me? the answer comes back, Go tell them the Ever-Living One has sent you—not a sacred bull, not a crocodile, not a river, not a beetle, not any of these lesser deities that have come from Him; go tell them that the One True Living One is their God, and has sent you to deliver them from the lesser gods of Egypt. Go tell Pharaoh that He has sent you, saying, Let my people go. And so, with this truth in his heart, that there is one God, not many gods, and that this one God is a God that has chosen this people and intrusted them with some great mission and some great message, he knows not what, Moses leads them out into the wilderness, out into the future. And again the years go by, and another singer comes, with his harp in hand. It never occurs to him to worship stars and sun and moon—he has gotten far beyond that; it never occurs to him to wonder whether there be one God or many gods—he has gotten far beyond that; and he is sure that this God is a righteous and just God; but he has learned an added lesson, for he looks in his father-heart of love, and that has brought a message to him, and as he takes his harp and sings his song, this it is: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He has gotten a little way into the heart of this mystery, because the father's heart has interpreted the mystery to him. And again the years go by, and a prophet of the exile comes upon the stage, that great prophet whom we call the second Isaiah, with this message: This is not a God for Israel only; this God of mercy, this God of love, is God for the whole human race, and he has chosen the Hebrew children that he may give them this message to the whole human race. Yet in all this Hebrew history you will find the eyes veiled and the heart perplexed —Abraham with his questioning, "What! shall not the God of all the earth do right?" Moses with his desire, "O God, show me thy glory," and that after he had been on the mountain-top and conversed with Him; David with his cry, "Like as a hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God;" the prophet of the exile with his cry, "How long, O Lord, how long dost thou hide thyself?" Isaiah with his cry, "Doubtless thou art our Father, though we are ignorant of thee." The history of the human race is the history of a search after God.

History is humanity searching after God, and the Christmas message is God's answer to men's questions. It is not this: that the great man was born into the world and lived and suffered and died; nor this: that an angel was sent from God to bring some special message to the earth and was crucified here; nor this: that a lesser God came down to earth and lived here a little while, one God praying to the other God, and finally going back in human form to sit by his side. It is this: there is behind all the phenomena of life an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed; there is in humanity also a power greater than man, a power not ourselves that through all the episodes and experiences of human history is making for righteousness. So much you can learn from those whom men call infidels. This God who fills all nature with himself, as my soul fills my body, and who fills all humanity with himself, as a father fills his household with his presence and his love and his power—this God has entered into human life in order that he might satisfy the heart-hungerings of humanity, that he might meet the desires which he himself has first created. He has come to manifest himself in the only way in which the Infinite and the Eternal can manifest himself in a human life and a human experience. This incredible? Is it credible that man should have thought a thing so grand as this and God not have been great enough to do it? If it be true that the Christmas song appeals to human hearts and human imaginations, if it be true that every reverential heart springs up at Christmas-time and says, O that I could believe it! if the hunger of the human soul for God is such that everywhere men want some better revelation of him than has been made in the mountain-top or in human life or in social or individual ideals; if it be true that this hunger, this desire, this longing, has been such that men have wrought out in their own imaginations the notion that God is good enough to do it, may it not be that God *was* good enough to do it—or are our ideals of what are his love so far beyond his workings for us? God broods all our desires that he may satisfy them. He stirs our curiosity that we may pursue this quest for knowledge, and in all our quest get satisfaction, and then inspiration for a larger quest; he stirs our love that in all our loving we may get satisfaction and yet incentive to a larger love; he broods our imagination that we may through art satisfy the craving for beauty and get inspiration for a larger knowledge and a better comprehension of beauty. And does he brood our reverence and our ideality, and make us long for something that we can worship, and stir within us an ideal that makes us dissatisfied with every real we have ever seen or every imagination we have ever conceived, and do this only to disappoint us? Does he create in human hearts this hunger for God that cries, Nearer, my God, nearer to thee, only to elude our search and hide himself? Or does it seem strange to you that he should show himself in what the Apostle calls the "express image of his glory"? God comes into life, and fills human life as full of himself as a human life can hold, that we may understand and know whom we worship and whom we love. The father and the son are in the prison cell, and the son looks out some bright day and says to his father, "See the glow on the mountain-tops; is that the sun?" "No, my child; it is the sunlight reflected from the mountain." Presently the sun comes down the hillside and strikes upon the spire of some church, and the boy looks out again and says, "Ah! there is the sun." "No, my boy; it is a church spire, and the sunlight shining from the spire." It comes, flutters down the hillside, and glows in golden glory reflected from the window of some quiet home. "See, father; surely there is the sun!" "No, my child; a home, and the sunlight shining from the home." Presently the sun itself sweeps into view, shaded by the cloud so that it may be seen. So men have looked out on nature, and have bowed and worshiped before the Divine, but it was the Divine shining on the mountain top; and then bowed and worshiped before the Divine, but the Divine shining on the church; and then bowed and worshiped before motherhood and fatherhood, still the Divine, but the Divine shining from the home. And still the sun waits the revelation of the incarnation. We no longer worship the stars dimmed by the moon, or the moon that waxes and wanes, or the sun that rises and sets; we no longer worship, kneeling at the shrine of our ancestors, that which is noble and divine in the history of the past; we no longer look within ourselves and worship the voice of our own conscience and the ideals of our own imagination; we no longer look out on life and worship the laws that bind men together; we no longer worship with the sun-worshipers of the East, or with the Confucian kneeling at the tomb of his ancestors, or with the Buddhist reverencing the ideal within himself, or with the Mohammedan worshiping a law and a lawgiver; nor do we rise from our knees and go our way and say, God is the Unknown and the Unknowable, and reverence must die within us. God forbid! We worship a God of love. God was always a Word; always speaking, always revealing himself—revealing himself on the mountain-top to the devout, revealing himself in voices that spoke within the soul, revealing himself in the aspirations and ideals of humanity; he was always a Word. And now this Word, that always was speaking, through all pagan ages and in all pagan nations, has been made flesh and entered into human life; and he walks our road with us, and he knows our sorrows and our temptations, and he feels the throbbing of our life. The weary world has long been in the far country, sometimes trying to forget its God in riotous living, and sometimes trying to satisfy itself in its food of husks, but never finding satisfaction apart from him. The Incarnation is the father coming out to meet the boy and put the kiss upon his lips and put the arms around him, saying: "My son that was lost is found, that was dead is alive again."

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The Religious World

A New Ritualistic Church in New York

The corner-stone of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin was laid on Sunday, December 9. This is the most prominent of the ritualistic churches in New York, and the services at the laying of the stone, if we may trust the reports of the daily press, were singularly like those of the Roman Catholics on similar occasions. Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, wore a miter, and his general appearance did not differ much from that of a Roman Catholic bishop. In beginning the ceremony the Bishop said: "Christian brethren, we are come here to lay the corner-stone of a church to be builded to the honor and glory of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and inasmuch as without faith it is impossible to please Him, let us rehearse distinctly the articles of our belief." The service then proceeded. The building will be large and very beautiful, with many adjuncts for the work of the parish. It will cost about $500,000, and will be completed in the course of a year. The seating capacity of the church is small compared with its expense. It will accommodate about 720, and the chapels 350.

The Presbytery and Dr. Parkhurst

One of the strangest proceedings in the ecclesiastical history of New York was the objection raised in the New York Presbytery when a vote of commendation for the great work of Dr. Parkhurst in New York was proposed. Of course it is not fair to judge the whole Presbytery by the actions of one of its members, but the very fact that one man, without a parish, and representing no one but himself, could do the mischief that he did is not without significance. Moreover, we are inclined to think that there is more behind this course than at first appears. Dr. Mullally objected to the resolutions, and action on them was deferred. Only a small number of the Presbytery were present. The action, however, was so entirely characteristic that we imagine it will yet appear that the objector represented others besides himself. There can be no question about the loyalty of the Presbyterian Church of New York to the great movement in behalf of civic righteousness, but there are many members of the Presbytery who have not forgotten that Dr. Parkhurst is more than a leader in the cause of civic righteousness; he is also one of the great leaders of the liberal movement in theology. It is significant that the same papers which announced that a communication had been presented to Dr. Parkhurst, signed by distinguished representatives of all denominations in New York, and headed by Bishop Potter, asking what testimonial would be most appreciated by him, also announced that his own Presbytery had delayed action for a month before venturing to approve his work. The trouble comes from the fact that the Presbytery has in it so many irresponsible and unrepresentative men. No man who is not a pastor of a church, or definitely connected with the work of the Church at large, or a layman representing a church, ought to have any voice in such affairs. The Presbyterian Church has had difficulty enough with irresponsible parties who represent no one but themselves, who are members of Presbytery, with a right to vote, simply because sometime and somewhere they happened to be ordained to the Presbyterian ministry.

A Semi-Centennial in Detroit

The semi-centennial of the "Old First Church" of Detroit, Mich., was celebrated December 8–10 with services of a fitting character. The historical address brought out the following facts of interest in the growth of this organization. Beginning life upon Christmas Day, 1844, it is not strange that the Christmas spirit of loving and giving has ever shone from it. Two colonies have gone out from it, one to form the already well-known Woodward Avenue Church, and the other, during the past year, the Brewster, whose prospects augur well for future usefulness. Three churches and two branch churches (one of these a Polish church, in charge of the Rev. John Lewandoosky) largely owe to the care and gifts of this mother their earlier years as missions, and, with one exception (the Plymouth), cannot yet go quite alone. This giving is not alone in money, but even more in time and strength on the part of earnest men and women, Not a single break occurs in the steady stream of gifts to foreign missions, and each of the other great causes has had its annual remembrance, the total amount through all the years being $256,000. Of the original thirteen members three still survive, and were honored guests at the reception given on Monday evening. Of these one was appointed Clerk of the Church at its first meeting, and has held the office uninterruptedly through the half-century. There have been five installed pastors, of whom the Rev. Harvey D. Kitchel, D.D. (now eighty-five years old), and the Rev. Addison Ballard, D.D., now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of New York, were present. This year rounds out the first decade of the present pastorate, during which the additions to the membership of the church have been over six hundred, and the removal has been made from the down-town site to the present up-town location. In all there have been received into fellowship in these years 1,988. The pastor of this large and fruitful church is the Rev. W. H. Davis, D.D., under whose ministry the church has greatly prospered, and during whose period of service the new building has been erected.

Death of Dean Hincks

The sad news has just reached us of the sudden death from typhoid fever of the Rev. John H. Hincks, D.D., Dean of Atlanta University. Dr. Hincks was a brother of Professor Hincks of Andover, and a graduate of Yale University and Andover Seminary. At the University he won recognition for his eminent ability, and, we believe, was the De Forest Prizeman for his year. For some time he was a pastor in Vermont, but later, realizing the greatness of the problem of the education of the colored race, threw in his lot with the noble band of workers engaged in that service at Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Hincks was a man of fine culture, a consecrated Christian spirit, and great intellectual ability. Both as pastor and as educator he had won for himself a distinguished reputation. His loss to the University seems irreparable. His remains were brought to his native State of Connecticut for burial. The appeal of Atlanta University for the co-operation of all philanthropists at the North will be all the greater now that this noble man has passed from its service.

Young Men's Christian Union

A valued correspondent sends us some facts concerning a new movement in Christian work in upper New York, which we condense into the following paragraph: Many ministers have felt that the Young Men's Christian Association interferes with church work, especially that the Association's work and meetings cause young men to absent themselves from church services and to excuse themselves from church activities. There has lately come into prominence an organization which its friends believe has all the advantages of the Y. M. C. A. without this disadvantage. It is the Young Men's Christian Union. While religious in spirit and aim, the Union holds no religious services in its spacious and commodious building on the corner of Westchester and Bergen Avenues. Thus it does not interfere with, but supplements, the work of the churches in the vicinity. As a consequence the pastors are its stanch and loyal friends. They attend its week-day meetings without special invitation, and urge their young men to join its membership. At a recent meeting of North Side ministers an eminent divine said, in commending the work of the Union: "It is the Institutional Church minus the Sunday services." With the co-operation of the pastors of the neighborhood, a series of special Sunday evening sermons at the different churches has been arranged, the speaker in each case being some eminent preacher of New York, Brooklyn, or some neighboring city. These special services are very popular, and help to solve for some of the churches the Sunday evening problem. The churches are very friendly to the Union. A few winters ago, when the Union was in need of a more commodious building, they combined and held a monster fair, at which over $6,500 was realized. With the single exception alluded to, the "Union Rooms" are open every day and evening. They are crowded nightly with young men. "To replace is to conquer" is the Union's motto. Its officers believe that the only way to keep young men away from the saloon is to substitute for it something

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better. The aim is to unfold and develop the young men of the community, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Upon the top floor of the building is a well-equipped gymnasium. The second floor of the building is divided into parlors, lecture-rooms, game-room, library, and reading-room. In the lecture-rooms classes are held for instruction in penmanship, bookkeeping, free-hand drawing, and vocal music. In another room an Employment and Boarding-house Bureau has been established, which is doing heroic work in securing positions and homes for the "stranger within the gates." Another thing which differentiates the work of the Union from that of the Association is the fact that its work is not confined to one sex. Perhaps the most important branch of the Union is the Ladies' Auxiliary. For the young women and girls of the community the Auxiliary has provided classes in gymnastics, literature, and dressmaking. Last winter the Auxiliary did much relief work, and last summer, under its auspices, about one hundred and twenty-five children were sent from dingy homes to a beautiful country place on the Hudson for two weeks each. This fresh-air work is yet in its infancy. The President of the Union is Mr. Charles B. Lawson, and its Board of Directors is composed of prominent business men.

The Successor of Professor Swing

We are informed that the Central Church in Chicago has called to the pulpit left vacant by the death of Professor Swing the Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., of Evanston, Ill. Dr. Hillis is a young man of about thirty-six years of age. He has already distinguished himself in the Presbyterian ministry, and is widely known for his broad and liberal interpretations of Christianity, for his lofty character and noble devotion to his work. At the last General Assembly at Saratoga Dr. Hillis was the leader of the liberal party. He was born in Iowa, and is, we believe, a graduate of Lake Forest University and of McCormick Theological Seminary. In many ways he is peculiarly fitted to succeed Professor Swing. His sympathies are broad; he is a Western man and knows the people among whom he would have to work, and he has a peculiarly clear, vivid, and picturesque way of expressing his thoughts. If he decides to accept the call extended to him, we predict for him a useful ministry in that most important position.

"Chicago Commons"

The latest social settlement is that called the "Chicago Commons." It is connected with the Chicago Theological Seminary, and is located at No. 140 North Union Street in that city. Its warden is Professor Graham Taylor, of the Seminary. Two homes form the nucleus of the household, which starts with seven resident and six non-resident workers, five of whom are ladies. One advisory committee of business men and another of ladies is contemplated. Two doctors are included among the residents. It is too early as yet to make any report concerning the settlement, but it is safe to prophesy that any institution which has behind it Chicago Theological Seminary and the wisdom and experience of Professor Graham Taylor will be sure to do good work for humanity. The Chicago Commons bids fair to become a center, not only of philanthropic work, but of sociological study.

Religion and Dogma

The Rev. John Watson, D.D., pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church in Liverpool, and now famous as Ian MacLaren, whose "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" was reviewed in The Outlook two weeks ago, during the last two years has come to the front more rapidly than almost any minister of our times. He is recognized as the most prominent of the Presbyterian ministers of England under fifty years of age. At the recent jubilee celebration of the Presbyterian College in London he delivered an address on "The Coming Revival of Dogma" which has attracted wide attention. Dr. Watson is a very liberal and yet very positive man. He believes in dogma, and that there are signs that the decadence of interest in it is soon to be followed by a great revival—a revival, not of dogma in its hard and scholastic forms, but rather of the theology of Clement of Alexandria, which formerly was set aside in favor of the sterner theology of St. Augustine. He believes that the world was not ready for Clement's theology of the Divine Fatherhood when it was first uttered, and that it is not fully ready for it to-day, but that it will be by and by. The greatest of the reconciliations of the future will be the reconciliation between dogma and religion. Speaking of the mistakes of theological study, he said that, first, there was a tendency to forget the permanent element in theology and throw aside the past too easily; and, second, there was a lack of respectful and considerate treatment of the men of the age that was passing away. Out of this critical period the faith of the Church had emerged unshaken. In speaking of the literature which heralds this reconstruction in thought, Dr. Watson gave the first place to Principal Fairbairn's "Christ in Modern Theology," and then mentioned "Lux Mundi" and Mr. Charles Gore's "Incarnation of the Son of God," and said that many were waiting with high hopes for another book soon to be published by the Rev. Dr. Denny, of Broughty Ferry, Scotland. This address is all the more significant as coming from a man who would never be thought of as a dogmatist. His church is attended by all classes and all phases of faith. Matthew Arnold, just before his death, was present at one of his services and spoke most sympathetically of the sermon. Dr. Watson writes, not as a theologian alone, but as a man with large observation and clear knowledge of the religious outlook.

Religious Bigotry in Russia

Under date of December 5 the "Official Messenger" of St. Petersburg contained a circular issued last September against the Stundists by Privy Councilor Durnovo, Minister of the Interior. The circular forbids Stundists' prayer-meetings, and declares the sect to be most dangerous to Church and State. The history of the persecution of the Stundists by the Russian Government is one of the blackest in the annals of religious persecution. The Stundist movement in South Russia is purely religious, but because its teachings are diametrically opposed to those of the State Church, and because the Church and State are so closely united in Russia, it is regarded as a political movement. We quote the following account of the sect and its rise and influence in Russia:

> The Stundists, who take their name from the German "Stunden," or hours of praise and prayer which they keep, are a Protestant sect resembling somewhat both the German Methodists and Baptists of this country, the Mennonites, and the Dunkards. The Stundist movement took its rise about thirty-five years ago in the province of Kherson, on the Black Sea. It had its origin with the German peasants whom the Empress Catherine enticed from their Suabian home to colonize this district.
>
> These sturdy peasants brought with them to Kherson their religion, their pastors, and their industrious, sober ways. Although at first race antipathy kept the newcomers estranged from the natives, in time their quiet, industrious ways and practical godliness earned for them sympathy and then converts. Their religion adapted itself to their new environment, and, in some degree, to modern thought, and they grew gradually, until now the sect numbers some 250,000 persons. Their religious success served only to bring upon them bitter persecution—first by the peasants and second by the State, or rather by the public officers of the State Church.
>
> The outrages on these Stundists, or Stundist Methodists—for their belief seems most nearly to approach that of our Methodist Church—have grown particularly numerous of recent years. In July, 1891, the Holy Synod of the Greek Church, alarmed at the steady increase of the sect, summoned a clerical congress at Moscow to contrive measures for its suppression. Legislation of the utmost severity was decided upon; they were forbidden to hold prayer-meetings even in their own homes, and all public gatherings were to be dispersed by the authorities. Many leaders in the sect were banished to Siberia and their children turned over to the officials of the Greek Church, to be brought up in the orthodox faith. Such severe measures were determined upon only because other edicts issued in the spring of that year had failed to put a stop to the Stundist proselytizing.

It had been hoped that the policy of the new Czar would be more liberal concerning matters of religion than that of his father, but the promise is rudely shattered. The excuse made by the apologists of the persecution is that the Stundists are in reality German propagandists, and that they are striking against the State. But this is only an excuse. They are simply earnest people, willing to die for their principles. In the Russian nation they occupy much the same position that the Pilgrims did in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. Their lot is a terrible one, and it is not likely to be better until the whole policy of the Russian nation is changed, and it comes into line with the civilization of the nineteenth century.

The Rev. Dr. John J. Paton, the famous missionary in the New Hebrides Islands, has returned to his work, after visiting the churches extensively in Great Britain, America, and Australia.

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Books and Authors

Dogmatic Theology [1]

In the original and extended review of the preceding volumes of Dr. Shedd's great work, which appeared in The Outlook early in 1889, we employed the following language in describing the doctrinal system elaborated by this eminent theologian: "Regarded as an able, acute, positive, unflinching presentation of a system which may fairly be said to out-Calvin Calvin, a notable result has been achieved without descending to methods of envenomed dispute which are too often associated with theological controversy. But of the system itself, what shall be said? From the viewpoint of progressive evangelical thought, and, as we believe, from the heart of the Gospel, this system is not an exposition, but an arraignment, of the moral government of God." This language may with equal propriety be employed in the notice of this supplementary volume, whose profound mediæval gloom is lightened only by the author's rich and deep experience of those eternal verities of faith which center in the attributes of the personal Christ. In our reading of this work three emotions contend for the mastery: first, that of unstinted admiration for the sublety and amazing skill of logic which marshals these opinions into serried ranks most difficult to force by opposing logic; second, that of sadness in the study of a colossal intellect, equipped with learning most marvelous and varied, whose splendid powers are seemingly devoted to the advocacy of doctrines whose very statement affronts the science, the discovery, and the noblest religious philosophy of the century; and, third, that of keen regret that a great and honored teacher should commit himself to the propagation of an opinion so utterly indefensible as this, which we quote from Dr. Shedd's preface: "The destiny of man was decided *wholly* in Adam, and not at all in the subsequent generations of individuals propagated from him. Individual life and individual transgression, which in modern theological systems are largely employed to explain the problem of original sin, *become of no consequence"!* (Italics ours.) If individual transgression is of "no consequence," the kick of a man means no more than the kick of a horse, and the person thus insulted, in place of knocking down his assailant, would better make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Adam, and shake his fists above the venerable ashes! One shudders to think of the infinite series of human apologies for wrong-doing which may be extracted from this germ of Dr. Shedd's theology.

It should be noted, however, that there is nothing in this supplementary volume whose radial center is not discovered in the two preceding volumes. The literary merit of the Shedd system lies in its absolute self-consistency. Approve the foundation and framework of his structure, and the innumerable architectural details fit like a well-stretched glove to the hand. In other words, grant his premises, and you are lost! But the men of to-day, eminent in science, literature, philosophy, and theology, who concede these premises are fewer than pre-Adamite remains. The men who deny these premises are thicker than the leaves of Vallombrosa.

This publication, in spite of its learning, rhetorical beauty, and logical completeness, is a seventeenth-century book projected into the unsympathetic, because progressive, thought of the nineteenth century. The theology which finds in Dr. Shedd a champion of consummate ability is not even Ptolemaic; it is archaic to present-day thought. It is a venerable milestone, showing how far in the real thought of to-day the sweetness and light of rational Christianity have traveled. We are firmly of the opinion that such a system, in its dominant features, serves its purpose best when least believed, and that it is of no more practical use in shaping conduct than a flitting and moaning ghost in a graveyard.

But at this point we wish it to be distinctly understood that our chief objection to the Shedd type of theology lies against *the system*. We have only words of cordial appreciation and gratitude for certain sections and chapters in this volume which strengthen the common religious belief of all men who accept supernatural Christianity. The work is divided into six parts, treating respectively of Bibliology, Theology (Doctrine of God), Anthropology, Soteriology, Christology, and Eschatology. These divisions of the supplement are the same as those of the "Dogmatic Theology" (the two preceding volumes), and the heads under them indicate the pages in the Dogmatics which find explanation or citation in the supplement. The author's claim that the present treatise "contains an amount of carefully selected citations from works in the ancient, mediæval, and Reformation periods, and also from the English and Continental divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that are not easily accessible, and are an equivalent for a large library of treatises beyond the powers of most clergymen and students to possess," is fully supported by the subject-matter; and herein may be found one of the great points of excellence in the supplementary publication. Propositions laid down in "Dogmatic Theology" are continually reinforced by quotations from these various periods, so that Dr. Shedd utters not only the very last but the very strongest word that can be spoken for the elder Calvinistic theology. And this is precisely what one could wish who desires to contrast the broader and sweeter conception of Christianity, which now obtains so largely even in the Presbyterian Church, with that austere and formidable type that virtually out-Calvins Calvin. Dr. Shedd's landmark—the labor of forty years—is like a rocky and forbidding promontory from which one may look out upon a fair and open sea of thought, "with room for every pinion, with space for every sail." And it is only when we embark, and commit ourselves to "breaths of God that sweep sublime," sailing toward the distant horizon that glows with the softer light of a sunnier religious sky—it is only when we thus set forth that we realize the gloom of the rock-ribbed coast, stern, inflexible, and menacing, which darkens more and more as distance grows apace. And the passages in Dr. Shedd's treatise which do us good (many in the aggregate) by strengthening our faith, hope, and love in the common assurance of a living and divine Christ, close to human hearts, may be likened to the occasional fringes of warmer color that relieve the somberness of inky clouds rolled up against the western sky at sunset of a stormy day.

We have purposely avoided, in this review, any attempt at minute dissection of Dr. Shedd's theology, partly because in a former notice our work was of this description, and partly because of the difficulty involved when dealing with arguments covering nearly six hundred pages of closely reasoned matter. Our aim is merely to emphasize the view-points and contrasts suggested by this treatise in relation to the world-wide movement now making toward a broader interpretation of Christianity. Many, if not most, of Dr. Shedd's premises ignore the advancement of religious knowledge and the light of scientific progress. A large section of his own Church will dispute his dogma of an infallible Bible, the keystone of his system. This proposition rejected, much of his reasoning is wholly invalid. And, in our judgment, the distinguished author is strongest in the philosophical and metaphysical domain. We miss the sense of proportion in his Biblical Theology. But, whatever may prove the limitations of the system so perseveringly and ably promulgated, its publication is a noteworthy event in the annals of theological book-making, for possibly once in twenty or thirty years will be found a scholar of this superb type. If human learning can persuade thoughtful men that extreme, unmitigated Calvinism is to-day essentially the word and will of Almighty God, the learning displayed in these three mighty volumes will accomplish this result. But extreme Calvinism is a rapidly receding wave even on New England shores. And the highest effort of human genius cannot check the ebb. A new world, a new word, a new order, and a new conception of Christ and Christianity dawn upon the century, and in the truths and principles of Christian evolution men everywhere discern the divine philosophy of human prog-

[1] *Dogmatic Theology.* By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Volume III. (Supplement.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

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ress. Calvinistic minutiæ give place to the broad and fruitful generalizations of thinkers who not only extract the honey from the carcass of mediævalism, and thus preserve all that makes for faith in the older conception, but who also read, in the teachings of science, the message of God to Faith. Dr. Shedd's system is the perpetuation of a venerable injustice to the Almighty; but Christian evolution makes the Deity a heart of love, bursting into the flame of word and deed whose record is the history of humanity!

President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, has condensed into his little volume *The College Woman* a great deal of practical observation and knowledge of the conditions of the American girl in college and her dangers and needs. As the head of a college for women which, although in most intimate alliance with a college for men, is not co-educational, but in a way a distinctive type in the American educational system, Dr. Thwing's conclusions will carry weight. He is an indefatigable observer and student of educational and other problems, seeking much more the guidance of facts than speculative ideas. In this volume he embodies the results of this method in discussing the environment and health of the girl student, the methods in her education, the demands made by the community upon her, the principal content and preparation of her studies. He has something to say about the problems or open questions which are yet to be answered in connection with her, and he also has something to say upon her career after graduation. The book is written in a clear, straightforward style, and is a contribution to a subject of great and growing interest. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

Armazindy is the title of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's last book of verse. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.) Mr. Riley's lines are much too good for such print and binding, and as almost every one will buy the volume it seems gratuitous to quote anything from it or to say a word about one whose writings are so well known and so well loved. We cannot resist, however, the temptation to insert the very last lines in the book:

ENVOY

When but a little boy, it seemed
My dearest rapture ran
In fancy ever, when I dreamed
I was a man—a man!

Now—sad perversity!—my theme
Of rarest, purest joy
Is when, in fancy blest, I dream
I am a little boy.

The Missing Chord, by Lucy Dillingham, is a first story, and has the faults of a first effort. It shows lack of practice in construction and in characterization. This was to be expected. As a first book, however, it also discloses great earnestness, elevation, and enthusiasm. There is a glow about it which is the charm of youth. The descriptions of the art-student life in Germany are graphic and intimate, and the book is pervaded by enthusiasm for and appreciation of art in its various forms. There is a good deal of love-making of a very undisguised and enthusiastic kind. The most promising element in the book is its idealism, which evidently springs from the soul of the writer, and which is genuine and beautiful. (G. W. Dillingham, New York.)

Last year Messrs. George H. Richmond & Co., of this city, gave us some beautiful reprints of George Sand's novels. This year from the same house come two books, uniform in manufacture, containing *The Devil's Pool* and *François the Waif*, stories which are too well known to need any comment in these columns beyond the fact that the translation appears to be distinctly superior, in vivacity, naturalness, and literary quality, to the previous translations of the same works. What is notable in these works is the beautiful printing and binding. They represent the best work of the De Vinne press, so far as the printing is concerned, while the paper and the binding illustrate the admirable taste of a publisher who loves books for their own sake.

Songs of the Soil, by Mr. Frank L. Stanton, is an attractively printed and bound book of verses. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The volume is interesting not only on account of its own intrinsic worth, but because it shows a certain development in Southern literature. This development is not so marked in the manner as in the matter of Mr. Stanton's lines. The dominant note is not the accustomed one of despair, or of apathy, or of indifference, but of hope. The lines are bold; they lack finish, they are impulsive, they are over-fluent, but they are always earnest, and they are welcome as breathing a new and buoyant aroma from a region where so long discouragement and distress have prevailed.

Literary Notes

—Ibsen says that his new play is "full of devils."

—Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson is at work on an Irish novel to be published in the spring.

—M. Zola has now been defeated fourteen times in his efforts to enter the Palais Mazarin. Why doesn't he found an Academy of his own?

—Dr. Gunsaulus's sermon in memory of Professor David Swing has been published in pamphlet form, and is a very eloquent tribute to Dr. Swing's personality and work.

—Sir Edward Burne-Jones has lived for the past twenty-seven years at The Grange, West Kensington, London. It is an old-fashioned red-brick house once inhabited by Richardson, who wrote his novels there.

—A very pretty and quite an original calendar comes from the press of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York), and takes the form of four dainty wall-pockets, tastefully designed, each one presenting a calendar for three months.

—The interesting announcement is made by Bishop Barry, the Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge for this year, that he has chosen for his subject "The Ecclesiastical Expansion of England," and that he will treat it on the same lines upon which Sir John Seeley treated the colonial expansion.

—At the recent jubilee of the University of Halle the Countess Ersilia Caetani-Lovatelli has had the unusual honor of receiving the degree of "Doctor Philosophiæ Causa Honoris." This is the first time that a German university has ever so distinguished a woman. The Countess has written many and interesting books. Her style is fascinating, "covering even statistics with romance," as one of her admirers has said.

—Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes asks that "any persons having letters written by Dr. Holmes shall send them to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., No. 4 Park Street, Boston, or A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, with reference to their possible use in a contemplated 'Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes.' These letters will be carefully returned to their owners after copies have been made of such as are found to be available."

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., of London, have put those two charming old stories, "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Beauty and the Beast" into one volume, and "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Whittington and His Cat" into another volume, characteristically quaint and original in illustration, printing, and binding. These publishers show an inventiveness, guided by an artistic sense, which makes their books a constant surprise and delight. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

—In the new edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets" Mr. Gosse tells us that—

During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of September 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other. Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the smallest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled, at length, in Pisa, and, being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece in a very calm and happy mood, the young couple took up each his or her separate work. Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning settled himself at the table, and unfolded the parcel. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read, his emotion and delight may be conceived. Before he had finished, it was impossible for him to restrain himself, and, regardless of his promise, he rushed upstairs and stormed that guarded citadel. He was early conscious that these were treasures not to be kept from the world. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's." When it was determined to publish the sonnets in the volumes of 1850, the question of a title arose. The name which was ultimately chosen, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," was invented by Mr. Browning, as an ingenious device to veil the true authorship, and yet to suggest kinship with that beautiful lyric, called "Caterina to Camoens," in which so similar a passion had been expressed. Long before he ever heard of these poems, Mr. Browning called his wife his "own little Portuguese," and so, when she proposed "Sonnets Translated from the Bosnian," he, catching at the happy thought of "translated," replied, "No, not Bosnian—that means nothing—but from the Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!" And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the famous title was invented.

[For list of Books Received see page 1101]

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The Life of Christ

XXVI.—The Perean Ministry—Continued [1]

By Lyman Abbott

In grouping together the teachings and incidents in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Luke, the editor of the Bible Study Union Lessons follows the evangelist. It is not by any means certain, however, that these fragments of history belong chronologically in the order indicated by Luke; nor even that they all belong in the Perean ministry, though that is probable. Without attaching importance to the order, I content myself with pointing out certain general lessons inculcated in these passages. For a certain moral co-relation may be found in them, and in this fact is an indication that they belong to the same epoch in Christ's history.

In Perea, then, as in Galilee and in Judea, Christ meets the enemy of spiritual religion, Pharisaism or legalism. It shows itself in different forms, for it has not only many masks but many aspects; but it is at heart ever and always the same.

It sometimes appears as a self-righteous spirit, and interprets with unshrinking audacity the events of current history as "special providences," but always so as to flatter its own pride. Wicked Galileans! cries the Perean Pharisee, or they would not have been slain by Herod's sword. Wicked Judeans! or they would not have been killed by the falling of Siloam's tower. And the silent conclusion is, Pious Pereans! who have not been adjudged worthy of such a fate. We may be sure that the Galilean Pharisee had a different interpretation for the first disaster, and the Judean Pharisee for the second. But Christ puts all under the same condemnation—the condemnation of fruitless lives. The life that is not fruitful in love awaits destruction. Why should it cumber the ground?

In Perea, as in Galilee and Judea, the Sabbath question, as it is sometimes called, the ceremonial question as I should prefer to call it, is presented. Christ does not wait for his adversaries to raise it; he raises it himself. He is teaching in the Synagogue on the Sabbath, and publicly, one might almost say ostentatiously, heals a paralytic. This calls down on him the rebuke of the ruler of the Synagogue, who argues, in true Pharisaic fashion, that the healing was quite unnecessary. Christ replies with the unanswerable argument that to loose a paralytic from her bonds is a diviner work than to loose an ox or an ass from his stall to water him. No day and no place is too sacred for works of humanity. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

The Pharisee is continually trying to escape the questions of practical religion by substituting for them questions of abstract theology. The scholasticism of modern times and of the Middle Ages is only a survival of a rather milder form of the same spirit in the first century. The Pharisee does not ask, What shall I do to be saved? still less, What can I do to save others? but, Are there few that be saved? What are our most modern questions about the elect and the heathen but a new form of this question? And to the theoretical question Christ always gives a practical answer. Few? That is my business, not yours. For you, the business is to put your whole energy on your own life and duty; it calls for it all; and do it now, because when once the Master of the House is risen up, and hath shut to the door, you may seek to enter in, and find it too late. I should like to believe that the door of hope eternally stands open. But I confess myself unable to reconcile my wish with this teaching of the Master.

The Pharisee is always a coward; always trying to accomplish by indirect means what he has not the manliness to attempt openly and avowedly. It is exactly like the Pharisee, modern and ancient, to come persuasively to an unwelcome teacher and counsel him to depart—quietly. Herod is after him, and will kill him. Anything will do for a Herod that will serve to get rid of a too plain and outspoken teacher. "Go tell that fox!" Ah! he saw that they were at one with Herod, had perhaps gotten their message from him, and were as foxy as their master. Keen was the word, and it cut deep. Sometimes a word is needed which has such an edge to it.

The Pharisee is very susceptible to public opinion. He delights to honor the preacher whom the public is honoring. He leaves the prophet to fight his battle alone; when he wins, comes out to honor him; when he fails, comes out to curse him. Just now Christ is popular; so one of our Pharisees makes him a great supper. And, by the way, observe that Christ did not object to social festivity on the Sabbath day. But what a miserable pretense at honoring Christ this is: which neglects his laws, disregards his instructions, repudiates his spirit, and asks him to a feast where guest clamors and pushes against guest for the most honored seats. Something suggestive of this in some modern churches, sometimes—is there not? For eighteen centuries Christ's ideal of a social party has been before the world. And still in Christendom a Christ-patterned party, though not unknown, is rare. For the most part we invite our own set—those who have invited us and to whom we owe something, or who can invite us in turn.

It is very characteristic of Pharisaism to be very devout—in prospect. Just now, with Christ homeless and a wanderer, there is no great blessing in attaching one's self too closely to his fortunes; but one may, with prudence, with hands clasped and eyes upraised, enjoy great anticipations of blessed communion with him in heaven. Religion is always admirable in the martyrdoms of the past and in the glories of the future—but just now! excuse me: I have my property to attend to, and I my business, and I my wife. But—there is no glory in the future for him who does not count the cost and pay the cost in the present; who does not count loyalty to the Master and his cause more than property or business or even wife. The spirit of self-sacrifice is the savor of a Christian character. Without it he who calls himself a Christian is but a Pharisee—salt without savor, not fit even for the dunghill.

Strange is the contrast of this scorn for the Pharisee, with his self-righteous conceit, and his scholastic theologizings, and his foxy cunning, and his thinly disguised self-honor, and his pious benediction on goodness and facile self-excuse for not practicing it—strange the contrast with the next chapter's tenderness and compassion for the wandering and the lost, who may yet, perhaps, be reclaimed even in and from their despair.

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 28. Luke xiii., 1-35—xiv., 1-35.

Correspondence

Repentant Denver

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your reference to the recent petition of certain business men of this city (Denver, Colo.), asking for the reopening of the gambling-halls, is timely and just. But it ought to be said, in justice to Denver, and for the encouragement of those who still have hope for us, that these petitioners do not represent the public sentiment of the city they have scandalized. The issue has been met by a public expression of condemnation that promises much for the future. Almost every pulpit has spoken. Indignation meetings have been held. Remonstrances have been published from many sources, corporate and individual. A most hopeful sign is the passage of strong resolutions by several of our labor organizations. Very significant, too, are the indignant utterances of many clubs and societies, social and political, composed of women. The politicians are not likely to forget that our women can vote.

Under this pressure of public opinion, many of the petitioners have publicly expressed regret at having signed the petition; most of them claiming that they did not realize its import! But a plainer piece of English would be hard to find.

Not the least cause for hope and joy is the public assurance of Governor-elect McIntire that he will faithfully enforce the law under which the gambling-halls have been already closed. Shamed as we are, we rejoice in hope. Truly yours,

FRANK T. BAYLEY,
Pastor Plymouth Church.

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Old Days in New York

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of December 1 the Spectator says: "To meet a man who was part of such a far-away fragment of history as the Astor Place Opera-House riot gives one a start." That assertion has given me a "start," inasmuch as it seems to classify me as a relic of a far-away historical period. I was present on that occasion, and, although not an active participant, witnessed it in its entirety, and was to some extent one of the dramatis personæ, if only as a supernumerary. I have good reason to remember it well. I had been out of college for a year, and was then a law student, and spending a week or two in New York as a visitor. I had, a day or two previously, heard Forrest in "Macbeth," and desired to hear Macready. A friend and former fellow-student accompanied me. We went early and had seats near the stage, which we continued to occupy during the whole of the hissing, hurling of eggs, and turbulence in various forms, which preceded the final dropping of the curtain, and until the audience was requested to leave the house as promptly and quietly as possible.

On reaching the outer door our progress was stopped by a dense mob which seemed to fill Astor Place in either direction. As the numbers appeared to be fewer in that direction, we slowly and laboriously fought our way toward the Bowery, at the further side of which we found ourselves on the outskirts of the mob. A building was then being erected on the east side of the Bowery, and facing Astor Place. In front of it there was a large pile of timber,

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six or eight feet in height. Desiring to see the outcome of so extraordinary a scene, we climbed to the top of that pile and seated ourselves comfortably, as did many others, quite removed from the surging and frantically shouting mass of humanity in front of us. Above the unceasing chorus of those demoniacal yells we could hear the shattering of window-glass and the rattling against the walls of the Opera-House produced by stones hurled by the rioters. After a short time there appeared in Broadway, facing Astor Place, an official, supposed to be the Mayor, on horseback, surrounded by a mounted staff and escorted by the police. Facing toward the Bowery, he attempted to address the rioters, and finally read, or appeared to read, from a book or document something which was said to be the "Riot Act." The whole proceeding was, in fact, a pantomime, as his voice was completely drowned by the howling of the mob, and no visible effect was produced.

After a brief interval the military came, marching up Broadway, and halting in front of Astor Place, faced toward the Bowery. The officer in command for some time seemed to be appealing to the rioters to disperse, and, as appeared in evidence later, they were warned repeatedly that unless they did so they would be fired upon. Some went away, but there was no substantial diminution of the body of rioters, or cessation of its violence. Finally the fatal order was given, and a volley was fired by the military, but evidently most of their muskets were aimed skyward, as there followed immediately derisive shouts on the part of the mob, and there were no indications whatever of yielding. Soon another volley was fired, and then there was a tremendous rush of the crowd toward the Bowery, and a scattering up and down that thoroughfare. Then we heard the agonizing shrieks and groans of the wounded, who were left upon the pavements in front of us. As the military were facing us, and their muskets had been aimed directly toward the position which, until then, we had occupied with a feeling of entire security, we, too, left with some precipitation. The next morning we revisited the place, and experienced something of a "start" when we saw the pile of timber, upon which we had been seated during the exciting scenes of the previous night, marked with numerous perforations produced by the bullets aimed at the mob. My recollections of the riot are somewhat vivid, and yet, as the Spectator frankly admits, I am "not necessarily a Methuselah." H. J. K.

Troy, N. Y.

Notes and Queries

I heard the assertion to-day that the best scientific works, and, in fact, ninety per cent. of the literature that was worth reading, has been given to the world by authors who do not believe in Christianity. Will you give me the names of some leading scientists who are Christian, and also the names of some leading authors who hold the Christian faith?

C. A. S.

This question, periodically asked, raises a profounder question, What is Christianity? If Christianity is the belief in three divine Persons (who are not persons in a sense which an unlearned man can understand); in the existence of sin and death through the fault of the ancestor of mankind; in the propitiation of God by the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty; and in the endless misery of a multitude of mankind, then the assertion above made is true. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in opposing Christianity, regards himself as opposing the above-named tenets and others of like character. But if by Christianity is meant that conception of God, and of the life acceptable to God, and of Jesus Christ as the ideal of that life and the beloved of God, which is presented especially, but not exclusively, in the Synoptic Gospels (the first three), then the exact reverse of the above assertion is true, and it would not be easy to give the name of any respectable scientist or leading author who is hostile to Christianity so understood. Indeed, Mr. Spencer himself, in his "Data of Ethics," comes essentially, if not formally, upon what, in this view of the matter, appears to be Christian ground.

A friend and myself would be much obliged to you if you would give us your opinion on the following points: 1. Was Christ *really God?* Now, could God die? Why did Christ pray to God, if he was himself God? 2. What is meant by "the *only* begotten Son"? 3. Do you believe it is literally true as written in Exodus xxiv., particularly xxxi., 18, also xxxiii. and xxxvi., and, indeed, all of it? 4. We read, "And the Lord spoke to Moses," etc. Did he speak, or is it only the narrator's way of putting it, as if he should write, or say, And the Lord spoke to Dr. Abbott, Preach so or so? L. S. L.

1. The Bible nowhere teaches that Jesus was God in an unqualified sense of the word, but only that he was God in manifestation, perfectly representing God in his disposition to man. 2. See Hebrews xi., 17, where Isaac, though not Abraham's only son, is called his "only begotten," because peculiarly distinguished as his father's own and best beloved. 3. It is impossible to say how much or how little historical fact is in the story of the giving of the law at Sinai. Neither is it of any consequence for an intelligent Christian use of the Bible. 4. It is better to understand an inward rather than an outward voice of God. There is nothing to show that this was not the writer's thought.

If I understand Professor Genung, in The Outlook for December 8, he believes that Job's triumphant "I know that my Redeemer liveth" truly expressed faith in "the survival of good and right beyond the tomb." I have heretofore been pained to read arguments maintaining that no words in the Old Testament are to be thus interpreted, not even this passage, clear as it may appear. I hope Professor Genung is right. Does The Outlook think so, too? M. H. B.

Yes; we think that Job's outcry, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is the expression of a faith, or rather of a hope, but a hope which bursts through his despair like a ray of sunlight breaking through the clouds: straightway the gloom returns again. Life and immortality were not brought to light, conviction in them was not assured, until the time of Christ.

In Deuteronomy, chapter xii., the law is given that on the birth of a male child the mother is to remain unclean seven days, but of a female child fourteen days. What was the reason of this? D. H. C.

Calvin's view, which has strong modern support, was that, owing to the boy being admitted to membership in the Hebrew Church by circumcision after the end of a week, the period of the mother's uncleanness was shortened. Whether there were any natural reasons (*i. e.*, in the physiological opinions of antiquity) is a mooted point.

What light, if any, have the antiquities of Egypt and Assyria thrown upon the supposed greater longevity of man in the patriarchal period? T.

None at all.

For a long time I have searched for the poem containing these lines:

"Man, on the dubious wave of error tossed,
His ship half foundered and his compass lost,
Sees from afar," etc.

Can any one tell me where I can find it?

P. K. G.

"H. D. C." will find the lines asked for, beginning "Some day, we say, and turn our eyes," in Gospel Hymns No. 5, p. 138. H. W.

Books Received

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA
Merrill, Rev. G. E. The Parchments of the Faith. $1.25.

ARENA PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
English, William F. Evolution and the Immanent God.

CHARLES H. BANES, PHILADELPHIA
Mitchell, Laisdell. Tony: the Story of a Waif.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE
Preece, Louise. A System of Physical Culture. Arranged by Louise G. Kiehle. $2.

B. H. BLACKWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND
Medley, Dudley J. A Student's Manual of English Constitutional History.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, NEW YORK
Young, Alfred. Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK
Raymond, Walter. Love and Quiet Life. (Somerset Idylls.) $1.25.

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For the Little People

Father Gobbler

By Luella Curran

The turkey hens all cried one day,
"O where has Father Gobbler gone?"
But no one that they asked could say,
And so they cried and wandered on.

They asked the cock, Sir Coral-comb,
Who said, as he went stalking by,
"Tut, tut! you foolish hens, go home;
O-o-oh!! you silly things, to cry!"

But then they only cried the more,
And wandered on until they came
To good Gray Goose's friendly door,
Each welcomed by that kindly dame.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she cried, "alack,
My goodman Goose went just that way!
They say he never will come back.
Alack! my dears, alack-a-day!"

A Letter from Santa-Claus-Land

By Annie E. Wilson

PART II.—WHAT MISS ANGEL SAW IN SANTA-CLAUS-LAND

After Miss Angel's visit to Santa-Claus-Land, Dolly-Day fell into a habit of holding her out at arm's length and gazing into her eyes as if she meant to fairly bewitch her into telling all that had happened to her there.

To her great surprise, one day while she held her thus, Miss Angel suddenly drew her hands loose and dropped them in her lap.

At the same time her red lips opened the least little bit and a fine, thin little voice said:

"Yes, I will, I will, if you want me to. Shut your eyes tight, and I will tell you as much as I can—all a little sure-enough girl ought to know. You see, if you had only been made of bisque, without any tongue, you might have gone with me. One thing I found out while I was away was the reason mammas sometimes hide things under their apron and say, 'Sh!' and stop talking when the children come around. It's because they will go and tell everything they know. But about my visit. When you left me sitting in the chair in the back room, I supposed I was to stay there until you wanted me again. But presently I heard a great stamping of feet behind me, and felt myself grabbed up by a great fur-covered arm and wheeling through the air."

"Did you go through the window?" asked Dolly-Day.

"Now, see there! That's one of the things you sure-enough girls are not to know. Well, we went, and we went, and we went—I don't know how far because you know I never studied arithmetic; nor can I tell you where Santa-Claus-Land is, as you have never taught me any geography. But I can tell you this much: the windows were made of ice instead of glass, and had the most beautiful hanging curtains of frost.

"No, I cannot tell you what Santa Claus looked like, either, for all the way gettting there he held me right up under his great gray beard, to keep me from freezing, I suppose, and after we got there he always would get behind me. Once, when I had got my head turned almost far enough to see him, he gave a big jump and got clear out of sight. I don't know what made him do it, unless he was afraid I would tell you.

"It was a queer place, I assure you. There was no outdoors, no trees or flowers, but rooms and rooms and rooms. Not parlor, dining-room, and bedroom, but all pretty much alike, with shelves and drawers, tables and machines, like workshops, only no person to do the work. One day, as I walked into one of these rooms, I heard Santy coming in behind me. I knew it was he by the busy, bustling sound, like the wind blowing. This time he said:

"'Christmas is coming!'

"And all in a minute the cloth came down out of the drawer, big scissors moved about on the table, dolls stepped out of the closet and stood up one by one for dresses to fit themselves on; and in the least little while one would be finished and stalk proudly out of a door as another stepped up. I had a great curiosity to know where they were going. So after I had watched a dozen or more go out through that same door I thought I would follow and find out. But, will you believe it? when I got round there I could not find any door at all.

"One day, as I was walking quietly through a hall, I heard the magic 'Christmas is coming!' behind me, and felt myself suddenly whisked into a room fairly full of dolls in various states of distress. Some, like myself, with heads all awry and ugly; some with broken legs and arms, and some with no heads at all. But I did not have long to pity them, because my head was in such a whirl I could not tell whether it was on top or somewhere else. And the first thing I knew I was stalking out through that door I had tried to find, or else one just like it, into a great big open place where the rest of the finished dolls were. As I passed by a looking-glass I caught sight of myself, and if there had been any heart in my sawdust it would have begun to beat, thinking how glad you'd be when you saw me.

"Well, I wondered if we were going out there to play, as I had seen you and your little friends do. But no, we all just stood around in rows as if we were afraid of soiling our fine clothes.

"It was not a bit of fun, I assure you, and I don't believe I could have stood it if it had not been for the fear of losing the little tag with your name on it, which meant that I was coming back to you.

"You need not tell Santy I said so, because it would not be polite—it's a little secret between you and me: but the nicest part of the whole visit is the getting back. And if I wasn't glad to be right here in our own house again, and see you peeping in through the door, my name is not 'Miss Angel.'"

December

I.

Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!

II.

And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold,
Or known a fading ember.

III.

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast in keeping!

IV.

For once, on a December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.

—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas for December.

He Wanted to Save Them

The story is told in the "Youth's Companion" of a Newfoundland dog who watched the testing of cork jackets, designed as life-preservers. This dog was on the shore with a number of people, who were watching the men making the experiment. The "Youth's Companion" says the men threw themselves from the boat into the water. The dog ran up and down the shore barking, and in every way beseeching the people to save the men. At last he sprang into the water and swam to the men, grabbing one by the shoulder, determined to swim with him to the shore. Men had to go out in a boat and bring the dog ashore; he could not be persuaded to leave the men in the water; he was determined to rescue them, because he thought they were in danger.

A Christmas Song

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.

—Emilie Poulsson, in St. Nicholas for December.

A Born Gentleman

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Jumpers

This is the season when the salmon may be seen in their characters as acrobats. Out in Idaho a man writes that the salmon can be seen trying to get up the falls into the river, and that he has seen them jump in the air twenty feet. It must be a fine sight.

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Mr. Martin traces the different theories as to the true location of the Garden of Eden, and makes an article not only interesting but informing.

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on

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has announced the following select pleasure tours, under its personally conducted tourist system, for the holiday season. The destination of each tour offers so much in the way of recreation and sightseeing that the festivities of the holiday season may be doubly enjoyed by participation in any of them.

To Gettysburg and Washington, Wednesday, December 26, returning the following Saturday. Tickets covering transportation, meals *en route*, and hotel accommodations at Gettysburg and Washington, will be sold at the following rates: New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, $20; Trenton, $19; Philadelphia, $17.50. Tickets will also be sold to Gettysburg, returning direct by regular trains until December 31, at rate of $12 from New York, $11 from Trenton, and $9.50 from Philadelphia.

To Washington, on Thursday, December 27, returning the following Saturday. Round-trip rates, including hotel accommodations: New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, $13.50; Trenton, $12.75; Philadelphia and Wilmington, $11.50.

To Old Point Comfort, Thursday, December 27, returning the following Saturday. Rates, including round-trip transportation and all necessary expenses: New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, $15.50; Trenton, $14; Philadelphia, $12.50. Tickets will also be sold at the same rates, including luncheon going and one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, and good to return via Richmond and Washington by regular trains within ten days.

Tickets for any of the above tours from other points will be sold at proportionate rates, and any additional information in regard to the tours may be obtained on application to the Tourist Agent at 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or Room 411, Broad Street Station.

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About People

—At the special performance of Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus" at the Vienna Imperial Opera recently, the price of seats ranged from five to thirty-five dollars. The jubilee in honor of the composer extended over so many days that he was thrown into a state of nervous exhaustion and insomnia, and his physician has ordered a period of absolute rest for him.

—The famous anti-slavery propagandist, Mrs. Rosa M. Avery, who died recently, was born in Ohio, and organized at Ashtabula, in that State, the first anti-slavery society ever known. Not a clergyman in the place dared give notice of its meetings. Finally Mrs. Avery's supporters among the various churches were so indignant that they organized an anti-slavery church.

—Judge George H. Noonan, of San Antonio, Texas, who has recently been elected to Congress, is the first Republican to represent the Lone Star State in that body since the days of reconstruction. Judge Noonan went to Texas in 1851. During the war he was a Unionist, and had plenty of exciting times with his Confederate neighbors. He has served continuously for thirty years as District Judge.

—At the recent St. Andrew's dinner in New York city the Earl of Aberdeen said that his countrymen had to endure many a gibe as to their church-going tendencies. The last story to go the rounds was a conversation between two elders returning from church. Said the first: "Did you hear Duncan snoring i' the sermon?" The second elder answered: "Pairfectly disgraceful; he waukened us a'."

—According to a recent story quoted in this column, the President of Northwestern University gave the following order to the students: "With the exception of myself, all must remove their hats upon entering any of the college buildings." In point of fact (we are now told) cap and gown have been adopted as the academic dress of the students and Faculty of the University, and the President, on being asked to explain to the students the proper usage as to the wearing of the cap, stated that academic usage permitted the President alone to keep the cap on in the public assembly. This is certainly different from an order.

—The English governess of the little Queen of Holland recently inflicted the drawing of a map of Europe on her pupil as a penalty for not having learned her geography lesson well enough. Wilhelmina agreed to the extra task, saying: "Very well; I will do the map, because I mean to be obedient. But—you will see!" In due time the map was drawn and colored, and handed to the governess. The British Isles were treated according to the spirit of the royal pupil under English restraint. They were about the size of the Balearic Isles, and the little Queen had covered them with that paint called "London fog." Holland, on the other hand, was of immense size, and occupied much of what in ordinary maps is the sea.

—About seventy years ago a little German boy was playing in the snow in the park belonging to an old manor-house. On the pedestal of a statue, which had been broken down by the French soldiers when they swept like a whirlwind over the country eighteen years before, he had made a snow image, and was now amusing himself by throwing snowballs at it. So stoutly had he built his statue, however, that he could not make much impression upon it with his missiles. Impatient at his self-inflicted defeat, he finally seized a heavy stone, ran forward, and with all his might hurled it at the monster, which tumbled and then fell. An old servant, hearing the unwonted noise, came rushing out of the house, and exclaimed: "Hello, Otto, what art thou doing?" The boy answered: "I am Germany overthrowing France!" A natural reply from the future Iron Chancellor.

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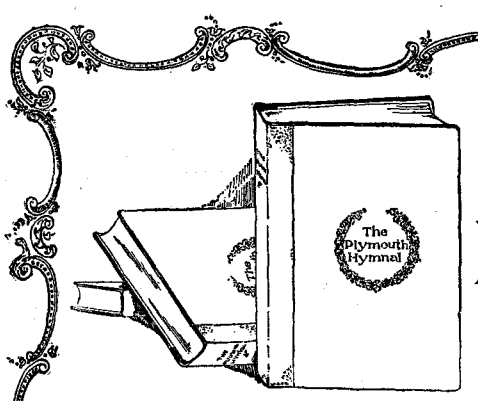

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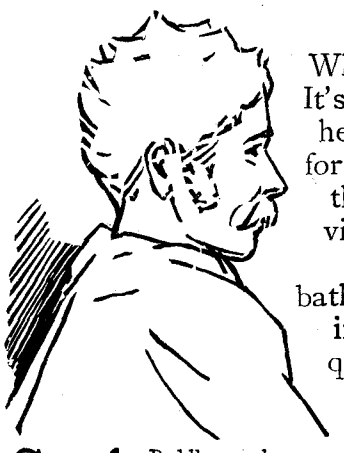

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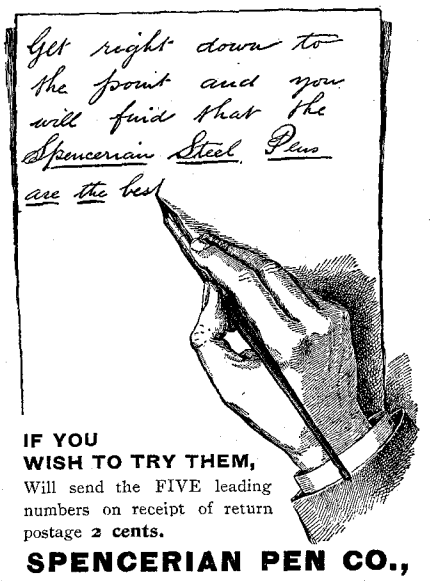

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December Picture Exhibitions

East Twenty-third Street, New York City, offers three exhibitions all within a block of each other. At the first place, the Berlin Photographic Company's rooms, we find one picture; at the neighboring American Art Galleries there are many pictures, but by six artists only; while at the last place, the National Academy of Design, there is the usual exhibition held at this time of year. Reviewing these in order, the first has an interest for the many admirers of Hofmann's "Christ Among the Doctors," which now hangs in the Dresden Gallery. It may be that this picture entitles Hofmann to be ranked among the great living painters of religious subjects, but surely the one exhibited in New York never could. Heinrich Hofmann is now an old man, and it may be that age has impaired his ability. The "Christ in Gethsemane" has a certain refinement, perhaps, but it in no wise represents to us the rugged and divine strength of Him who struggled in that garden.

The exhibition of the six artists who have grouped their works at the American Art Galleries is brilliant enough so far as the first glimpse of color is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, whose pictures fill the first room, are responsible for most of this color and light. Perhaps never have so many nudes been gathered together in one room before. Some of them are not badly painted, and there is a certain brilliancy and almost delicacy of treatment which accords well with the wonderful effulgence of light in all the pictures. These artists have been working so long in Morocco that their productions show the conditions of atmosphere and light characteristic of that climate, but, alas! not characteristic of December in New York. In another room we see Mr. Hamilton Gibson's drawings in monotone, the originals of various illustrations for the artist-author's writings. Here, again, we find delicacy of a different sort, and some of the drawings have considerable merit as landscapes. Next are seen the works of Mr. Herbert Olivier, who has come over here from London, the protégé of Dean Hole. This circumstance, perhaps, should put us under special commands of courtesy; but it may be said, nevertheless, that the artist's exaggerations make most of his pictures ridiculous, while none of them may be lifted from a plane of mediocrity. The paintings by Mr. George Agnew Reid, of Toronto, are more interesting, and are more admirable in technique. We have not forgotten his striking picture, "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," at the Columbian Exhibition, and we are glad to see it again. Good as is the grouping, some of his character studies hanging alongside are quite as admirable. Quantity as well as quality certainly appeals to Mr. Reid. One of his pictures extends clear across an end of the gallery. If not too much appalled by such size, the visitor will enjoy its simplicity of manner and its high, opalescent color. Lastly, we have our old friends, the

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drawings of Mr. Elihu Vedder for the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." No one could have given more accurate pictorial representation to the words of the Persian poet. The drawings are done in black and white chalk upon tinted paper, and are too well known to need comment. Mr. Vedder exhibits several finished sketches in water-color for the decoration of Mr. C. P. Huntington's house, and also several paintings, which, however, do not challenge our interest as did the drawings. It must be confessed that Mr. Vedder's *forte* is not painting. Orderly and intellectual as he is in his draughtsman's work, his color as a painter is indifferent and opaquely dull.

The Academy Exhibition is a disappointment. True, we have remarkable and lovely landscapes from such artists as Messrs. Francis Murphy, Chase, Ochtman, Shurtleff, Robinson, Warren Eaton, Van Boskerck, Bolton Jones, Minor, and Platt. We have superb cattle-pieces from Mr. Carleton Wiggins and from Miss Matilda Browne, and splendid portraits from Mr. William M. Chase, Mr. Louis Loeb, and Mr. William Magrath. Miss Macomber sends her usual symboiic composition, which this year is somewhat larger in size and poorer in technique than before. We discover one fine sea-piece, Mr. Norton's "Hard-a-port," and there are two studies of the River Seine by Mr. Fritz Thaulow, a Norwegian artist, which are well worth looking at. Mr. James M. Hart is represented by three of the best pictures he has painted, and Mr. Hartwick exhibits "A Lombard Bleachery," which ought not to be passed by. Then there is Mr. Louis Moeller's contribution, as desirable a bit of *genre* as one may see in these days. But what commendatory phrases can be used of the rest? The goodness of the good cannot sufficiently redeem the badness of the bad to make the exhibition other than a keen disappointment.

The sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest organization of that kind in the country, has just been opened to the public in Philadelphia, and it is pleasant to note that the display of pictures and other works of art is most excellent. Very many of the canvases have been exhibited before, but the present admirable method of hanging the paintings in groups contributes much to the visitor's comfort and pleasure in seeing them, and in several instances pictures which have become quite familiar appear at present, and on account of the groupings, with added beauties and enhanced charms. This has been admitted by the artists who have seen the work of the hanging committee, and it is within the possibilities that the example may be followed at some of the spring exhibitions in New York. The most distinguished and notable of these groups is that supplied by William M. Chase, who has sixteen canvases filling the end wall of one of the galleries. To Mr. Chase was awarded the Academy gold medal, and his admirable portrait of a lady in a black gown and a white shawl, which was seen at the recent Exhibition of Women's Portraits at the National Academy, has been bought for the Temple Collection, and will remain in the Pennsylvania Academy. In thus being accorded the highest honors of the exhibition Mr. Chase has but received what was fairly his due. His unflagging enthusiasm, his untiring energy, and his high ideal have always been at once an encouragement to the industrious and a rebuke to the idlers and the triflers. The largest and the most striking picture in the gallery is a nude by Alexander Harrison, and represents a group of women in bathing. This was shown in Chicago at the World's Fair, and attracted much comment, but this was comment of the subject rather than of the art. As a work of art it is not satisfactory, for several of the figures are badly drawn, and the work does not represent Harrison at his best by any means. Indeed, it is not nearly so good as his picture of "Gamins on the Beach," hanging next to it. This, too, is a study of the "altogether," as Trilby put it. Of the younger artists who contribute, the most distinguished work is that of Miss Cecilia Beaux, who has a group of four portraits. Her picture of a girl with a black cat perched on her shoulder is most admirable. Everything that Miss Beaux has exhibited recently has confirmed her right to a front rank among the portrait-painters of the day. The impressionists come out very strong in their own peculiar way in this exhibition, and they have been treated by the hanging committee with a tender consideration which it is not always their fate to receive. Mr. Alden Weir, in this class, contributes more than any one else, and his pictures are, as is always the case, extremely interesting, even though they may be baffling rather than illuminating in their effect. Mr. Tarbell's "American Girl" is charming, and his 'Arrangement in Pink and Gray" received a gold medal. The Exhibition reflects credit upon the management of the Pennsylvania Academy, and it shows the various schools of art in this country at their best. And this showing is such that no American need blush for American art, the renaissance of which was but a thing of yesterday.

—The recent death of Mr. Walter, the third of his name in command of the London "Times," brings to mind a tragic incident of his domestic life. His eldest son, named John of course, and a youth of great promise, on quitting Oxford, had traveled round the world, and in the Christmas week of 1870 had returned home to his family. With some of his relatives he went on Christmas Eve to skate on the large lake in the beautiful grounds at Bearwood, his father's magnificent estate. The ice gave way. Three of the young men were in danger, and he instantly went to their rescue, but himself sank immediately. His father never recovered from the blow, and from that time his outward reserve was his most marked characteristic.

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The Business World

The Pooling Bill, The Banking Bill, South Africa, and Present Prices

Railways capitalized on ten-cent cotton and dollar wheat continued to affect the stock market during the past week, as they have for many months, but other circumstances were not without equal influence. On the news that the House of Representatives had passed the Freight Pooling Bill, stocks and bonds advanced smartly. This has now been lost. The not unnatural fear of hurried financial legislation has arisen, now that the Carlisle Banking Bill has been reported. Another depressing factor has been the continual sales from foreigners of our securities, and the continual advice from financial papers on the other side that investors had better leave American railways alone. This advice is apparently sincere enough on the Continent; in England, however, we cannot help the suspicion that the manipulators of the South African craze are responsible for many inspired articles. These manipulators must make a market for their gigantic bubble-properties. For the sake of South Africa, it is a pity that the honestly managed corporations which have brought such material prosperity to that land should be clouded by "chromos." The great bulk of the business of late on the London Stock Exchange has been in South African land, gold, and diamond shares. Meanwhile we pay the piper.

The Hudson River Bridge at New York City

The unfortunate ferry accident a fortnight ago, and the increase of passenger traffic between the metropolis and New Jersey, point more than ever to the need of a safer and speedier method of travel, and center interest in the plans for building a bridge across the Hudson River at New York City. The Board of Engineers appointed to consider the problem have recommended a suspension instead of a cantilever bridge. The former, they declare, has the more stable equilibrium, and is capable of being so constructed, by giving proper dimensions to towers and anchorages, that its capacity can be easily augmented. On the contrary, a cantilever has comparatively unstable equilibrium, and, from the failure of any stiffening member, would be liable to collapse. The cost of a six-track railway suspension bridge, with a clear span of thirty-two hundred feet, would be about thirty million dollars. Secretary Lamont has approved this report, and has rejected the project to build a cantilever bridge. All who have to do with the Hudson River will rejoice that the bridge will have but a single span, and that the danger and trouble of an ugly obstruction in the harbor is avoided. Both the traffic on the river and that over it will now be accommodated without interference. It took fourteen years to build the Brooklyn Bridge. It will be interesting to see how much time the Hudson River project will take. Not only the great traveling public, but also all lovers of beauty, owe to Secretary Lamont their hearty thanks. A cantilever bridge would have been an intolerable eyesore.

The Result of the Sugar Differential

Mr. Runyon, our Ambassador at Berlin, has been renewing his representations at the Foreign Office regarding the discrimination against American canned beef and pork. He has received, nevertheless, no satisfactory assurances as to any substantial change in the attitude taken by the German Government. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is willing to grant certificates only after such very annoying formalities as practically leave the situation as it now is. The Minister further says that the decrees against our canned goods, cattle, and fresh meat will not be recalled. He denies that Germany concedes "the most favored nation" treatment to the United States without receiving anything in return. He adds that Germany has arrived at a complete understanding with our Government, and that President Cleveland has fulfilled his promise to recommend to Congress the abrogation of the one-tenth of a cent differential in the sugar tax. The final solution now rests with Congress. In the Reichstag the Baron has been urging that care should be taken to avoid placing difficulties in the way of those trying to prevent treaty-violation. "Having for our own part loyally observed the treaty," he said, "we are entitled to expect similar treatment." This remark was elicited by an interpellation from Dr. Paasche proposing an increase of the sugar export bounty, a proposal approved by the Conservatives, Centrists (Catholic party), and National Liberals. It would be surprising had there been no protests that our new sugar tariff was infringing upon "the most favored nation" clause, and of course affecting Germany as it affects no other country. After the expiration of the present treaty Germany may return to autonomous tariffs. At all events, the general opinion there is that, in contravention of a clearly defined treaty, we have sur-taxed German sugar.

A Decrease of $34,000,000

Payments for the recent issue of Government bonds account in part for the reduction in the surplus reserve of New York City banks in three weeks from $66,000,000 to $32,000,000. The rate for money at call rose last week, and it is expected that this firmer feeling will extend itself to other branches of the money market. Foreign exchange also rose still farther, and several million dollars went out to Europe in consequence. The week's bank clearings were nearly twelve per cent. ahead of those in the corresponding week last year.

Government Crop Report

The farm prices quoted by the Government Crop Reports refer to the prices on the farm or in the nearest town on the first day of the month. For instance, the farm price of corn averages 45.6 cents per bushel, which is nine cents higher than the corresponding price at this time last year. The average for wheat is 49.8 cents a bushel—the lowest price in twenty-five years. Of rye, the general price is a fraction over fifty cents; of oats, 32.9 cents; of barley, 44.3 cents; and of buckwheat, 56.2 cents. The average price of hay is $8.35 a ton.

Good News for Workingmen

The most significant news regarding any industrial revival was the report from several thousand manufacturers published in the last number of "Dun's Review." The statement shows an increase during November in total payments for labor of fifteen per cent. over last year, and an increase of ten per cent. in persons employed.

Lowest Record for Sugar

Last week saw the lowest price on record for Brazil sugars—2 3-16 to 2½ cents. Raw beet sugars have been selling at 3⅛ cents for centrifugals, and granulated at 3¾ cents. The leading sugar experts of this city say that there is too much sugar in the world for the good of anybody in the trade.

Rice

The production and consumption of rice are matters of increasing interest to every Louisiana man, if not to every American. The Department of Agriculture has recently issued an admirable report on the subject, from which we quote the following:

While there is no probability that the cost of producing rice and preparing it for the market will be so far reduced as to endanger the position of wheat as our staple food grain, there is a wide margin within which the consumption of the former cereal may be enlarged without involving any radical change in the dietary habits of the people. Our present annual consumption, measured by the statistics of production and trade for the five years 1888–1892, is not quite 3.9 pounds per capita, as against 3.8 pounds in France, 3.9 pounds in Germany, 9.6 pounds in Great Britain and Ireland, and 13.7 pounds in Italy. . . . The highest consumption per capita in any of the countries named above is insignificant in comparison with the consumption in regions where rice is the principal article of food.

Sweden versus the United States

It seems that this monopoly-victimized country may learn a needed lesson from one of the falsely so-called effete monarchies. From the same commercial notes column of one of our dailies these two items appear separated by the length of the paper. Their significance is best seen when placed together:

"A meeting of the stockholders of the Bell Telephone Company has been called for the purpose of voting on a proposition to increase the capital stock of the Company 5,000 shares. The new stock will be offered to stockholders for thirty days, and after that time unsubscribed stock will be sold at auction."

"The correspondent of the St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat' from Stockholm says that amongst all countries on the globe, Sweden takes precedence in the development of the telephone, where there is one telephone to every eighteen inhabitants. All business is transacted by telephone. Telephone communication can be had for $10 per year, when the charges in 1880 were as high at $75."

Ten dollars a year would be a proper charge in this country also.

The Canadian Loan

The Hon. George E. Foster, the Canadian Minister of Finance, says that he anticipated the large subscriptions to the new loan of £2,250,000 ($11,250,000) in three per cent. inscribed stock, and adds that half will be applied to public works. Further subsidies for commercial projects will, of course, depend upon the condition of State finances, but the Minister significantly states that Canada has no intention of urging Great Britain to consent to the establishment of a permanent Board of Arbitration for Canada and the United States. The loan was issued in London by the Bank of Montreal at a minimum price of 95. The average price was nearly 99. The over-subscription, nearly five times the amount required, is another proof of the fact that in these times the majority of investors are seeking only first-class obligations; otherwise this very low-rate loan could not command such a following.

Mechanical Silkworms

It seems that at last there has been instituted at Bradford, England, a successful manufacture of the silkworm's fiber. Mr. Claude Meeker, our Consul at Bradford, says of the new process:

All vegetable fibers, such, for instance, as wood, flax, cotton, and jute, may, by a treatment by acids and alkalies, be reduced to what in the chemistry of commerce is known as cellulose. In other words, they become mere cellular tissue—the substance secreted by the living protoplasm of a vegetable cell in order to form its investing membrane or cell-wall. Cellulose is, indeed, made from wood pulp, the débris from cotton, jute, and other spinning industries, etc., for a variety of commercial purposes. And it is this material which is the basis of artificial silk. By direct combination with nitric acid it is converted into nitrate, and if a small quantity of sulphuric acid be also added the latter combines with the water, and, to use a well-understood chemical phrase, "splits off."

The highest nitrates of cellulose are explosives, and are insoluble in alcohol-ether. It is these nitrates which, in various forms of modern explosives, are familiar as cordite, tonite, etc. The pyroxylin nitrates, or lower nitrates, are less explosive, and are soluble in alcohol-ether. Ordinary pyroxylin dissolved in alcohol-ether (equal parts of alcohol and ether) is gelatinous in character, but wanting in viscosity. In other words, it will not, though a semi-fluid, flow freely. It is, in fact, not unlike good melted fish glue. Everybody knows from experience how, in drawing the brush from a glue-pot as the glue is getting cold, long strings of fibers may be produced. A solution containing, say, more than 7 per cent. of cellulose is, however, too gelatinous to be readily workable. It is at this point where special treatment of the pyroxylin for silk-making comes in. By the addition of diluted sulphuric acid to the alcohol-ether solution, the nitrate breaks down into bodies of different physical character, but of the same chemical character, and consequently a 12 per cent. solution is obtained, which is perfectly fluid and workable under the simplest conditions.

The process of the preparation of this fluid is a purely chemical one. It is in its subsequent treatment and its conversion into a textile fiber that the main interest centers from an industrial point of view. This operation takes place upon a machine which is a modification of the ordinary flyer spinning-frame. The fluid, a muddy, yellowish substance, is contained in a glass jar, from which it is conveyed through pipes to a small row of small bent glass tubes, each having an extremely fine nozzle or orifice. These tubes are arranged in a shallow trough of water, the orifice being beneath the water-level. As the fluid leaves the nozzle the water removes 60 per cent. of the solvent, and the fluid immediately coagulates, and is drawn off in a remarkably fine filament of brilliant luster, and when dry, of great tenacity.

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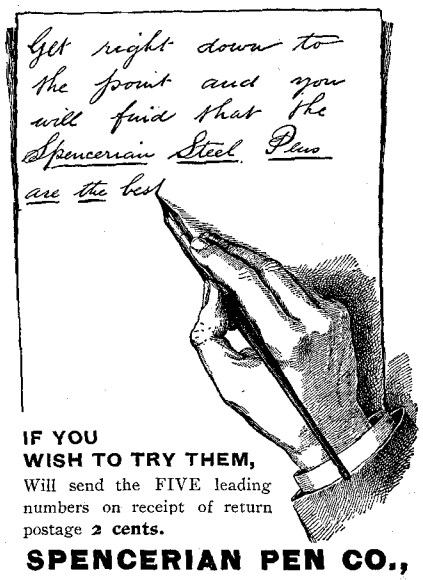

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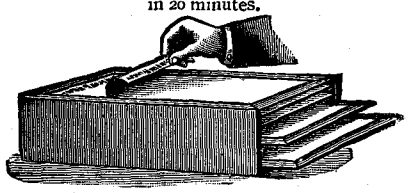

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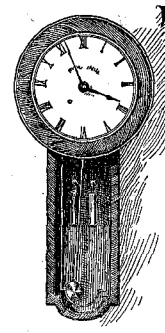

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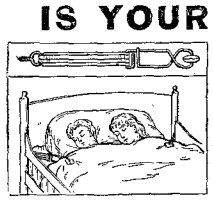

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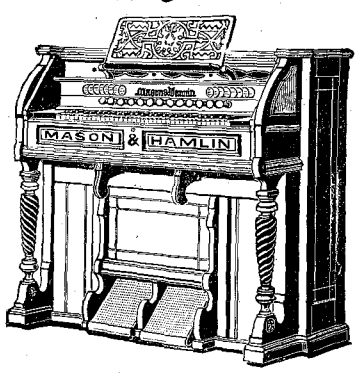

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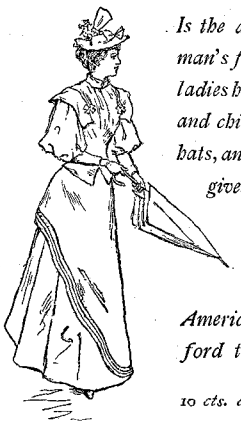

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